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THE 1,000-FOOT OCEAN LINER

THE first thousand foot steamships are being built near Belfast, Ireland. Two of these monsters are growing up side by side, occupy more than would be allotted to three Lusitanias. In size they surpass anything ever attempted in the way of naval architecture.

So ponderous is the web work of steel girders, which already towers 300 feet in the air, that the floor of the shipyard had to be rebuilt with steel and concrete, like the foundation of a skyscraper, that it might not settle beneath the weight. The bare framework today is only 850 feet long, but it represents over a million dollars as it stands.

Titanic and Olympic are the suggestive names of the unformed monsters. Their enormous size is not as might be expected, to gain speed and wrest the championship from the Cunarders. The limit of speed with economy seems to have been reached, but not the size limit.

The great areas of space inside the new liners will carry more passengers than ever stood over one keel before. There is money in that and in the thousands of tons of freight which they will rob the poor tramp steamships and slow-going liners of, according to the cruel law of survival of the fittest in steamships.

Dollars and cents of profit are the real fathers of these titans, but the most interesting thing to the ordinary passenger is the fact that there can be no pitching in ships of such length. No matter how great the storm, and though the waves run "mountain high," the great keel will extend across the summits of at least three of them.

Waves Will Not Bother.

Enormous though they look to the landsmen on the water, the hollows between waves are rarely more than 250 feet across. Almost always they are much closer. With 1,000 feet of length, the unborn liners, even in storms, will have three waves under them, and usually four. Perched on three waves, a ship is as steady as if on a three-legged stool.

Once in a while, every tenth, twentieth or hundredth time, comes a wave bigger than all the rest. This hill of water the new liners will notice with a very slow and stately bow. In the trough of the sea the new White Star liners will roll pleasantly, as all ships must when the sea runs high. But they are so deep that the roll will be very slow and steady.

The designers are so confident of the stability that they will place no bilge keels on either of the new boats.

Vast as the preliminary outlay is, the Olympic and Titanic could not come into being without it, for they simply dwarf all that have ever gone before, even those marvelous vessels, the Lusitania and Mauretania. As to the Great Eastern, leviathan born out of due time, since even now she dominates the imagination of many, be pleased to compare her principal dimensions with these latter-day wonders:

She was 25,000 tons displacement, they 60,000; she drew when laden 30 feet, they 37 feet; her length was about 600 feet, theirs between 900 and 1,000 (exact figures not available in this particular); her combined horsepower was 3,000; theirs 50,000—for they are not to be considered fast ships, only they will not steam less than 23 knots.

Complete Eqipment.

They will each have four funnels and one mast. Their stern frames, cast in one vast forging, will each weigh 300 tons, the rudders each 100 tons, probably more, and, for a swift transition, the main dining saloon will seat 600 diners at once.

Passenger elevators, complete telephone system, wireless telegraph outfits and all the up-to-date equipments of liners will, as a matter of course, be installed in the twin monsters. The engines will be turbines, combined with reciprocating; but the number and arrangement of the propellers have not been divulged, if, indeed, it is not still in dispute.

The peculiar behavior of the Lusitania when she broke a propeller on one of her voyages, and thereupon proceeded to break her record, has sent cold chills down the spines of the experts. For many years naval designers have had tables of figures which they used to determine how many screws to use and where to place them.

These tables were compiled by learned professors of physics in college laboratories, where they experimented on thrusts and torsions and water vacuums until they agreed on a set of tables. Now it seems that these formulas are all wrong, and marine engineers do not know where they stand.

It may be that the screws ought not to be placed under the stern at all. Many believe they should be in pairs along the sides, or at the bow, in spite of the dangers of breaking or fouling them in such exposed locations. The new scheme of a triple hull, with the propellers all arranged between the inner hull and the two outside ones, is the most radical suggestion for obtaining propeller efficiency. Others have recommended a tube straight through the ship, containing propellers which would suck the water in at the bow and drive it out at the stern. A lifeboat was constructed in Holland on this principle, but proved a failure.

Fear Only Icebergs.

The friction of the water against the enclosed propellers and the sides of the tube used up so much of the power that the boat was unable to proceed at all in a heavy wind and sea, the only times in which it could be useful at all.

The Titanic and Olympic will have only one thing to fear on the high seas. No derelict, no matter how large, but would be cut through safely by the huge steel prows. The biggest whale could butt out his oily brains against their plates without starting a rivet. No storm ever known could sink the great ships.

Icebergs lying in wait would crumble up the bow of the Titanic as surely as they would the lightest torepdo boat, if struck in a fog under high speed. The vast size of the new craft would help them, even in this event, for the bigger the boat the longer it takes to fill. There would, accordingly, be more time to close watertight bulkheads and much better chances of limipng back to port.

Strangely enough, these marine monsters are being built without any contract between the White Star Company, which is to be the purchaser, and Harland and Wolf, the builders, who are Britain's biggest ship builders. It has been a long standing custom of these two old firms to do business on honor, and in all their long business history evidently neither has failed to stick to its verbal bargain.

The Flight.

Hark—How the bugles blow,
Airy bugles that ring!
Full of wonder, over and under
All other tides of sound!

Oho! but we must go,
We of the wondering wing!
The call comes drifting, dying and lifting,
And we are northward bound!

Drooping plumes of the palm,
Scent of the jasmine flower,
Lull of the dreaming waves on the gleaming
Reach of the level sands;

Languorous nights of calm,—
How we have longed for the hour
When we should cry to them gladly goodby to them,
Seeking the northern lands!

Too much swaying at ease!
Cloying of every sense!
Naught but a vision ever elysian,—
Glamour of blue and gold!

Never a tang in the breeze
Drowsing with indolence;
Never the glory of mountains hoary,
White with the touch of cold!

But now—away! away!
The summoning bugles have blown;
The spell is broken; we know the token,
We of the wandering wing!

On through the night and day,
Over long leagues and lone,
Bearing, bearing, where'er we're faring
The word and the wonder—Spring!

—Clinton Scollard, in the Forum.

Rats Aboard Ship.

Philadelphia Times.

The executive officer and his colleagues were talking of the old saying that rats desert a sinking ship.

"Rats play an important part in a seaman's life," said one of the officers. "No submarine would put to sea without a cage of white mice.

"You see, they detect in a minute if the air is not pure. Noxious gases mean their death, and when they begin to show signs of exhaustion or spasms the men know that the oxygen is being used up or that carbonic acid gas is in the air.

"You see, if a leakage of any kind in the mechanism or gasoline tanks occurs this gas is noticeable to the mice and it can at once be stopped; but if they waited until the men noticed it the crew would be suffocated before they could get the boat up to the air."

FRENCH CONVICT LIFE

Paris Cor. of the London Telegraph.

The guillotine has been retained in spite of the campaign in favor of the abolition of capital punishment but it is not very rash to predict that the great majority of convicted murderers will still escape with their lives. Now that the prospect of death will yet have little terror for them—to what extent is dread of the penal settlement likely to affect them? The answer is given by M. Louis Baumann, who has spent a good deal of time in French Guiana, and relates the result of his observations in an article contributed to the Illustration. We get to the root of the matter at once, as the writer says:

The more terrible the miscreant the better his lot. He will have a very quiet job, a sinecure, which will free him from the drawbacks of exile. However improbable this may appear, it is nevertheless an incontrovertible fact. Soleilland, the worst of the lot, has an exceptional situation. The administration seems somehow to have imagined that he might be carried off. By whom? By the partisans of the death penalty. This is not explained, but this fear has brought to Soleilland a surveillance of which he does not complain. He is free from all corvees, from all work. In his walks in the Ile Saint Joseph he is accompanied by two military surveillants. He smokes cigarets, and spends his time in carving arabesques on cocoanuts. He is content with his lot. Recently he said to us, "You see, I am growing stout."

Brierre, who killed five of his children, has, as M. Baumann tells us, employment as a hospital nurse. Hubac, who poisoned Major Massot, is a druggist. Manda, called "Le Roi des Apaches," who killed, as he put it, for his amusement; Martin, the strangler of Bergerac; de Brienne, and other criminals of equal notoriety, are also nurses. Bassot, the murderer of Eugene Fougere, looks after a garden in the Ile Royale.

Lastly the 600 celebrated convicts kept in the Iles du Salut have a good time of it, as the administration cheerfully performs prodigies in finding occupation for these favored people. Employment in the offices is multiplied for their benefit, and workshops, the sole object of which is to give them something to do, are organized. One of the great occupations of these leisure folk is to collect sand on the beach in empty preserved-food tins. This is a child's game rather than a grown man's work. The gangs make a heap of a cubic metre or two of sand, which they throw the next day into the sea in the same manner.

Some of the happiest of those favored individuals row on the boats which carry provisions to the Ile du Diable, where Ullmo is installed.

Such a system, says the writer, is an encouragement to crime, as if he knew what punishment is to be his the simple thief would not hesitate to do much worse.

No common thief sentenced to five years' hard labor will have to toil all that time in swamps and forests.

Under a deadly sun, poorly fed, sleeping in a pestilential atmosphere, it will be a miracle if he live to the end of the period, nor will he have the faintest chance of doing so unless he is gifted with an exceptionally robust constitution. On the other hand, a murderer, whose crime has excited universal horror, sent to the "bagne" with a sentence of hard labor for life, will be installed in the Iles du Salut in a healthy atmosphere, and will have no work to do. Food, clothing, conditions of health, are all infinitely superior at the Ile Royale than at St. Laurent du Maroni. No colonist is happier in Guiana than a man who has been condemned to death. Thus is the scale of punishment reversed by the penal administration!

Such a description would be bewildering if some queer facts had not already leaked out from time to time. "La Nouvelle," as they term New Caledonia, was known to have few if any terrors for murderous apaches. Now they appear to be quite as well off in French Guiana.

PROTECTION OF THE BIRDS

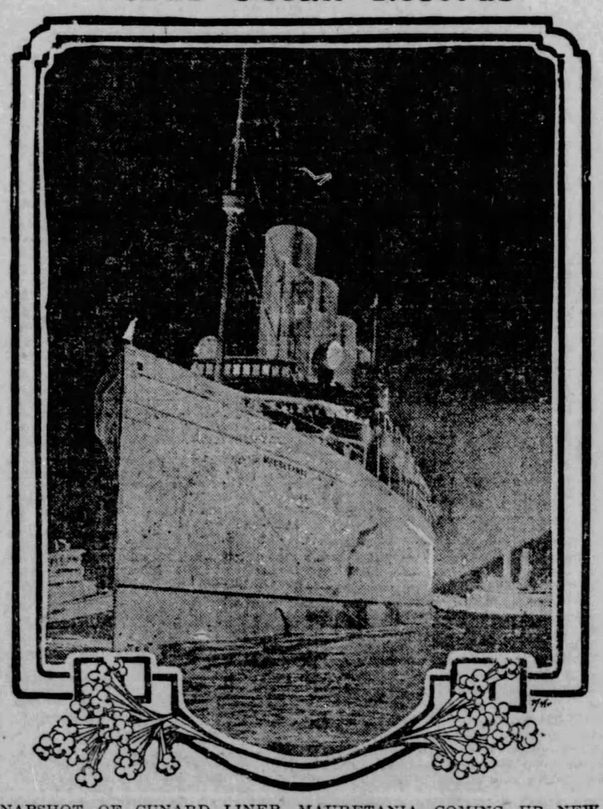
Opposed solely by Broadway feather dealers, the farming forces of Uew York state are today fighting a desperate battle for a law which will fully protect the wild birds that they know can alone save their crops from insect pests. Headed by the National Association of Audubon Societies and the state grange with a membership of 83,000 working farmers, every agricultural interest in the Empire state is lined up to demand such measures to prevent the butchery of the insect-eating and non-game birds as have begun to benefit the farm lands of Iowa, Massachusetts, Michigan, Louisiana, South Carolina and West Virginia. Unless the professional traders in the scalps of these slaughtered songsters are now made to respect the economic value of their prey, it is declared, the orchardists and agriculturalists of the whole country will soon suffer by the increase of every form of insect plague.

Declaring that the valuable bird resources of the whole American people are at stake on the principle of this battle of the New York farmers against the commercial feather hunters, Gifford Pinchot, head of the National Conservation Commission has come out in strong support of the proposed legislation. Letters of warm endorsement of this campaign have also been received at the Audubon headquarters here from C. F. Fox, president of the New York Academy of Sciences, Madison Grant, chairman of the executive committee of the New York Zoological Society, Dr. Raymond A. Pearson, New York State Commissioner of Agriculture and E. P. Felt, the state entomologist. F. N. Godfrey, master of the state grange, has already actively enlisted with all his forces in the fight.

Half of the daily food of the crow blackbird alone is made up of the insect pests that destroy the crops it has been proven by expert examination of 2,250 stomachs of these wild birds, the results of which are being submitted to the legislators here by Dr. T. S. Palmer of the government Department of Agriculture. With others of the non-game species that it is proposed to protect here, these birds have been shown to be the only effective check to the plague of Brown Tail and Gypsy moths which is sweeping over the country from the New England states where $3,000,000 has already been spent in vain attempts to curb its devastation of the crops and woods. With the insect-eating birds it is also planned to shield the Snowy Owl which is known to consume the hordes of meadow mice whose depredations have cost the orchardists of the country millions of dollars.

"This battle for the proper protection of the insect-eating birds will have its effect upon the whole country," said William Dutcher, president of the National Association of Audubon Societies at its headquarters, 141 Broadway. "More that $1,000,000,000 has been proven by the government to have been lost to the farmers of this land last year through the depredations of insect pests. We want to determine if this vast loss to the nation is not to be considered rather than the selfish interests of the few dealers in the plumage of the very birds that destroy these insects. It is high time for the farmers, orchardists, ranchmen and planters of this country to assert themselves in this matter as the agriculturalists are doing in this state. We feel that we can count upon the support of every patriotic American to help us save the nation's valuable bird resources."

Breaks Ocean Records



SNAPSHOT OF CUNARD LINER MAURETANIA COMING UP NEW YORK HARBOR.

MISS HUNTINGTON

BY ROBERT BRACEFIELD

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SYNOPSIS.

Edward Burton, a young lawyer from Chicago, and Miss Huntington, a Chicago heiress, accidentally meet on a Dutch farm, where the young girl has gone to escape the unwelcome attentions of Count Razadowski, who, however, finds her hiding place and follows her. Burton volunteers to go with Miss Huntington to Rotterdam, where her mother is awaiting her. On their way their canal boat suffers an alarming collision with another craft.

"Mercy!" cried Miss Huntington, clutching my arm and shrinking to my side. "What has happened?"

When a man fears a girl is about to faint he is justified in supporting her. I supported Miss Huntington. She was excited, fearing we were going down Under such circumstances any man may put his arm about a young woman's waist.

"Don't be alarmed," I said. "I am sure it's nothing serious. At all events it is only a little way to shore. I imagine we have struck something in the river. Ah! see, the sailors are lowering a boat."

Miss Huntington clung to me tightly. I could not have jumped overboard to the rescue if I had wanted to. I am not sure that I should have done it, anyway, for the fog was heavy, and I could scarcely see the water. It was much more comfortable to leave the rescue work to the steamboat men. If Miss Huntington had been overboard it would have been different.

"I do believe no one is drowning," she said. "Oh, dear! who can it be?"

We leaned on the rail and peered into the depths below. The small boat had disappeared in the mists, but there were hoarse shouts in Dutch, and the splash of oars in the water. The throbbing of our engine had stopped, and on the steamer the stillness was uncanny.

Presently the voices ceased. It seemed as if we had drifted far away from them.

"I am sure some one is drowned!" sobbed Miss Huntington. "Oh, I am sure of it! How terrible!"

"No," said I, still supporting her, "the boat is coming back. They have got somebody in it."

It seemed a most astonishing thing to have the boat bob up under our eyes, when we had thought it so far away, but there it was, beneath the steamer's prow. In a minute or two the form of a tall man was helped over the rail onto the deck. He said not a word until his feet touched the planks, and then he launched into a flood of Polish, mixed with Dutch, French, German and other tongues.

Miss Huntington stepped back so suddenly that she twisted my left arm in its socket.

"Heavens!" she murmured. "It's the count!"

It was, indeed, Count Razadowski. No doubt he had exploded the picnic story, and was run down in his launch while steaming recklessly to intercept Miss Huntington at Dordrecht. It was a deplorable plight he was in, with his dripping clothes, his glasses missing and his silk hat floating somewhere in the canal.

"The scoundrel," said I. "I have a notion to throw him back into the water. You should have let me drown him in the first place. His impudence in coming is most astonishing."

My levity did not appeal to Miss Huntington. "You mustn't talk like that," she said, gravely. "How fortunate that they got him in time!"

How like a woman! Fortunate, indeed! There we were, fleeing from his attentions, and yet she called it fortunate that he had been rescued and brought aboard the very vessel we were on.

"It is fortunate at least," I insisted, "that they didn't rescue his spectacles. He's as blind as a bat without them."

Blind he was, indeed—so blind that he stood within a foot of us and did not see us. In a few minutes he disappeared below. We reached Dordrecht without seeing him again. Miss Huntington and I remained on deck, but neither of us had much to say. The near presence of the count oppressed us.

In Dordrecht I learned that we could get a boat to Rotterdam, or a train, as we preferred. Miss Huntington chose the train because there was less danger of the count. To make the thing doubly sure I engaged an entire compartment.

We had time for a stroll, but we fell to talking of Chicago. I paid no heed to Dordrecht, and the next day I couldn't have told a thing about it, except that its age was a thousand years—or was it a million? I was not intensely interested in Chicago of itself, but viewing Chicago through the eyes of Miss Huntington was so fascinating that I forgot the passage of time and we caught our train only by a mad dash to the station in a cab.

I had assured Miss Huntington that the count would be too busy with his wardrobe to make the journey to Rotterdam that night, and I was right, for we did not see him.

CHAPTER V.

The Count Wants Vengeance.

It was nearly midnight when we reached Rotterdam. I rode with Miss Huntington to the Hotel Maas and said goodnight, with a promise that I would avail myself of her permission to call next day.

That night I lay awake for a long time, thinking of the singular adventures that had led me into an association with this charming girl. For the first time in my life I had the ambition to be rich. I could not but wonder what chance I would stand with Miss Huntington were I in a position to hold up the financial end of a courtship. Roughly, I figured out that if I possessed an income of a hundred thousand dollars a year I might undertake it.

A hundred thousand dollars! In twenty years I could earn that much at my law practice, even without allowing anything for an increase in fees, but in twenty years Miss Huntington might be a grandmother, and even if she were still Miss Huntington and I were to begin then to court her, my hundred thousand dollars would last one year. It might take me two years to win her. Besides, I had forgotten to allow for my living expenses during the twenty years I might be preparing for the suit!

I went to sleep in a maze of figures having so many ciphers attached that I couldn't tell where to put the decimal points.

Next day I brushed up my traveling suit, somewhat ruefully. I had come to Europe on a flying trip during the vacation of the courts, and of course I had cut down my wardrobe to the lowest limit. Everything I carried was packed into a suitcase. I have no hesitation in confessing that I had brought scarcely more than the suit I had on. Before leaving Chicago I had been well supplied with advice. "By all means take a dress suit," and "by all means don't," were some of the suggestions. I hadn't. What would I need of a dress suit during a rough-and-ready swing over Europe? If people didn't like to see me at dinner in my traveling clothes they could go to some other hotel. Besides, I must admit, I had come to Europe on an economical basis. It was either that or stay at home. True, my income in Chicago was sufficient to enable me to live comfortably, even luxuriously, but I had lived up to the limit. If I had not been extravagant in Chicago I might have toured Europe in better style.

It was a trifle embarrassing now that I was going for a morning call on Miss Huntington, to have no wardrobe to choose from. I wasn't exactly clear, I admit, as to what was proper for a gentleman to wear before noon in Holland, but my gray business suit certainly didn't seem quite the thing, considering Miss Huntington's station. Of Miss Huntington on a Dutch farm I had no awe, but I confessed some uneasiness of Miss Huntington in a drawing room, and I had still more anxiety over Miss Huntington's mother. I didn't care to have her make slighting remarks about me afterward.

However, there was no help for it. I decided to risk my gray traveling suit rather than forego the pleasure of seeing Miss Huntington. In a day or two I would leave Rotterdam, and then Miss Huntington would be only a memory—at least until I got back to Chicago. There, I knew what the customs were, and I had plenty of clothes.

I had dared to hope that Miss Huntington would be in the breakfast room, but I was disappointed. I ate my rolls and drank my cocoa leisurely, but no Miss Huntington came. When I got back to my room to prepare, as well as might be, for my call, I found a dainty note. When I opened it I was shocked.

"Mr. Burton—Mother thinks it is best for us to go to Paris at once, so we are leaving by the morning train. I am so sorry I cannot keep my promise to see you. You have been good to me, and I am sure you have amused me very much. Perhaps you will run across us again—who knows? Europe is so little! Good-bye. Cordially, ALICE HUNTINGTON."

I crumpled up the note, for I was both angry and chagrined. So she was gone—very unceremoniously, indeed! She had dismissed me with the remark that I had amused her very much!

I stood gazing out of my window for half an hour, looking over the canals, but I scarcely saw the animated scenes. My brain was busy with a panorama of a Dutch farm, and Miss Huntington was in every picture. Gradually the first sting of her note wore off. After all, no one was to blame except myself. If I had amused her, I could thank myself. She had not asked me to do it. I had volunteered. I had amused her, in the first place, by my idiotic action in addressing her in English, when I believed she could understand only Dutch, and after that I had put myself forward as a sort of joker. True, I had sidetracked the count, but I had done it somewhat as a clown might have done. Afterward, when the count got a ducking in the canal, the comedy was complete. She had rung down the curtain, and now she remembered me more as a comedian than as a man. Well, she was gone. I had no further reason to worry over my gray business suit. The whole thing was rather funny, I admitted. It was funnier still to think that I Edward Burton, should have been trailing along after Miss Huntington. As well might a moth attempt to chase a robin. I wondered what Kimball, my law partner, would say if he ever heard of it.

However, the more I thought about the note, the more I was inclined to believe that it was not unkind after all. On the other hand, the general tone, even to the "Cordially," was pleasing. Perhaps Miss Huntington intended merely to compliment me on my humor, and in the hurry of departure had put it rather unfortunately. This reflection cheered me and I went down to the hotel lobby, resolved to leave Rotterdam that night for Germany.

While I was attempting to decipher the Dutch railway time table, some one touched me on the arm. Turning, I stood face to face with Count Razadowski.

"How are you?" I said, not effusively.

The count's face was dark and foreboding. He had got another pair of spectacles, and he squinted through them in an unpleasant manner.

"I have to call you to account," he said, ominously.

I straightened up. It goes against the grain for an American to be called to account—especially by a Polish individual.

"Very well," I said; "call away, all you want to."

He did not understand my idiomatic use of English. His face grew blacker.

"Non," he said, "I will not call 'away.' I have to call you to account right here, on zee spot."

"Indeed!" was all I said.

"You have fooled me, sir!" he went on sternly. "You have sent me to zee picnic."

I smiled haughtily and crossed my arms.

"Zere was no picnic. You have sent me so you could take away Mees Hoontington. You have me insulted. You have lied. I call you to account."

His charge, of course, was true. I had lied to him, but I had lied to protect a girl who had put herself under my protection. Any gentleman may lie until he is black in the face under such circumstances. To be called a liar as a different proposition.

"Call, and be damned!" I said, rashly.

The count turned white.

"You must fight," he said. "You must pay for zee insult."

Now, if I do say it, I am afraid of no man, no matter what his stature. I am blessed with more than six feet of muscles myself. At the University of Michigan I gained something of a reputation as a boxer, and although I was a bit rusty there in Rotterdam, I felt sure I could hold my own. I was ready for the count, though. I had no intention of beginning a bout with him.

"I shall fight all right enough," I said, on guard, "if you attempt to lay hands on me."

"Non," he answered, disdainfully, "I do not fight wiz zee fists."

It came over me then, that he was challenging me to a duel. I had been in Europe less than a week. Surely, I was doing well. I smiled at the thought. Edward Burton, of Chicago, fight a duel! How extraordinarily funny! And over Alice Huntington, too! What choice material for Chicago newspapers! Surely, it was my duty to protect Miss Huntington from the newsmongers, at any cost. I resolved to cut short the interview.

"We Americans," I said, "do fight with fists. If one man insults another, it is the fist, not the pistol or sword, that settles the affront. I decline to fight any sort of duel except a fistic one, and I decline, further, to discuss the affair in public. I shall be in my room at noon, alone. If you come there at that hour, alone, we will settle it."

With that I turned on my heel and left him, glaring at me.

CHAPTER VI.

Quitting Rotterdam in a Hurry.

I detest a coward, and I would not have run away from the count had he come at me with both swords and pistols. I waited in my room until long after noon, but he failed to appear. Evidently his dread of fists was too much for him. No doubt he would have stood up bravely enough back of a sword or revolver, but he could not brace himself to stop a left-hand swing on the lower jaw.

At dusk I was strolling along the Boompjes, enjoying the prospect across the Maas canal, when the count accosted me again. Evidently he had been following and had waited before addressing me until I paused at a favorable spot.

"You have run away from me once," he began, insultingly; "you shall not run away again. I demand zat you explain why you send me to zee picnic."

There was a menacing glitter in his eyes that put me on guard. I have seen the same gleam in the eyes of the mentally irresponsible. I took a step away from him, and held my walking stick where I could use it instantly as a weapon of defense.

"Your manner of addressing me is most offensive," I retorted.

"Eggzactly!" he replied. "I have so mean it. Why not, when you have so offended me, myself?"

There was good logic in what he said. I could not deny that I had grossly offended him, and I could scarcely blame him for bringing me to account. Yet, I reflected, he had grossly offended Miss Huntington. Therefore, I, as Miss Huntington's representative, was the aggrieved party.

"Count Razadowski," I said, looking him in the eyes, "let us understand ourselves. I have no intention of shirking responsibility for my acts. It is the duty of a gentleman to protect a lady against attentions he observes are not desired. I did observe that your act in following Miss Huntington into Holland was offensive to her. I took it upon myself to send you away."

I had made up my mind to meet the issue squarely. Whatever the result, the count must understand just where I stood, and he must understand that what I had done was no joke.

I saw his lips twitch nervously as I spoke. He was pallid with anger.

"Ah!" he said, and his teeth showed in a sneer, "when a gentleman pay his suit to zee lady he does not ask another gentleman."

He advanced a step; I moved back again, still keeping my cane between us.

"Perhaps not," I agreed, "but usually a gentleman who pays attentions to a lady will ask the lady's consent, at least."

"You have not zee right to tell me so," hissed the count. "It lies between Miss Hoontington and me. If I follow her you can not stop me; you can not send me to zee picnic; you can not lie to me. You must apologize."

He moved up still closer, sticking his head forward and trying to awe me with his steely eyes. I could have struck him down with my fist, so unguarded was he, but I disdained to take advantage of him. I had a feeling that he was not quite sound. Indeed, I felt a sort of pity for him.

"In America," I responded, "apologies are made only where the act to be excused is not justified. In Holland I am still an American."

"You refuse to fight," he cried, hotly, "and you refuse to apologize. You are a coward! You are a dog! I will show you zat a gentleman can not be trifled wiz in Europe!"

A dagger flashed through the air. So quick was the movement that I might have been unprepared had not a street light caught the gleam of the weapon. My cane shot out and intercepted the arm that was descending on me. The count's knife soared 20 feet above us, and fell in the street.

A howl of pain came from the count. I knew I had disabled him, and I had no intention of doing more. I had saved myself from the count—the next thing was to save myself from the police. Two policemen were running toward us, from different directions. One of them had the count in custody before my resolve was made to escape.

There are many narrow streets in Rotterdam, intersected by canals, and cut up by drawbridges. I have no means of telling where I ran, or how I eluded my pursuers, but I did it. I recall sprinting across a bridge a few seconds before it opened, and perhaps this was where I got the advantage. At any rate, I reached my hotel in a cab, much flustered, but outwardly assuming repose of mind and body. True, I had committed no offense except to defend myself against a most violent attack, but the Dutch laws were Greek to me. I did not want the ignominy of a Rotterdam jail, and perhaps indefinite imprisonment. I reflected that at the time the police reached the scene of the affray, the dagger lay in the street. It was only my word against the count's as to which of us had wielded it. He had the advantage in being able to speak Dutch, and in knowing the customs of the land. The affair, I could see, might become a serious one for me.

CHAPTER VII.

Miss Huntington Again.

I consulted the railway tables and found that a train would leave for Paris in an hour. It was a coincidence, perhaps, that the first train out of Holland should be the Paris fast express. Had it been the Berlin hummer or the Italian flyer, or anything else on wheels, I should have taken it. Perhaps if I had gone to Berlin or to Italy, my subsequent career would have been quite different. Who can say what part destiny plays in the affairs of men? Who can say that it was not fate itself that sent me on the Paris train? I have often wondered if that dagger-blow aimed at me by Count Razadowski did not have a positive, component part in a scheme of life arranged for me by a mightier power than the count's.

At all events, Paris was the magnet—I the pin that was drawn irresistibly to it.

I paid my bill at the Maas hotel, expecting every moment to feel the hand of a policeman on my shoulder. I rode to the railway station with all the sensations of a criminal hunted. I waited, in the trepidation of a thief, for the train. I was new, then, to such adventure. Afterward, my hazards were met with calmer self-reliance, with more of the nerve a man should have who fights for a mighty cause. What mightier cause can a man have than to serve a woman whom he loves?

Paris was a new world to me. I had looked forward to it with the keenest of anticipation; yet, now that I was there, all its fascinations were merged into one—Miss Huntington.

I knew that I was a fool for going there. I might have branched off after I got out of Holland or staid in Belgium. I knew perfectly well that I was playing with flame, but, like a child who hovers on the borders of a bonfire, I exposed myself to danger. Miss Huntington was in Paris. So was I. I might run across her. I might not. Of course, I would not call upon her, after what she had said about my amusing her, but if I should meet her accidentally—well, I would have to be polite, at least.

The more I thought about her the more likely it seemed that I would run across her. "Suppose," I reflected, as I gazed idly at the tomb of Napoleon, "she should ask me to dine with her? How could I do it, with my dress suit in Chicago?" I turned my back on Napoleon and took a cab to a tailor's, where I bargained for an evening suit, to be delivered to me next day.

I smiled ruefully as I laid down my deposit. A man may be thoroughly sane and yet make a tremendous fool of himself.

Having discharged this responsibility I wandered among gay scenes for the rest of the day. I saw the Bois de Boulogne and the Champs Elysees, but Miss Huntington looked at me from every window and every passing vehicle. In the evening I admired the architectural wonders of the Grand Opera house, but the play was lost on me. I was busy scanning the sea of faces for one particular face that would not leave me.

Next morning I found myself in the Conciergerie in which Marie Antoinette had been imprisoned. In my bad French I asked the sentinel a question.

"Marie Antoinette is dead, sir," he replied.

I understood his French well enough. His answer rolled me. So he took me for a fool! Suddenly I remembered that Hankinson had advised me to have fun with the natives at close range. I would have fun with this pompous fellow.

"Dead?" I retorted, with scorn. "Impossible! I am sure I would have heard of it if she had died."

The sentinel looked at me pityingly, and just then I heard someone behind me say, in English:

"It is too bad, Mr. Burton, that you are disappointed in not finding Marie behind the bars. Perhaps she may be at the Petit Trianon."

The voice sent an electric thrill over me, for it was Miss Huntington's. I turned and raised my hat. "Ah!" I said, "you have caught me amusing the sentinel."

Miss Huntington colored. I had driven my shaft home.

"If you had given me a chance, I should have apologized for my blundering way of saying things," she laughed.

My heart was beating fast. So she had thought about it since leaving Rotterdam! She had thought about me! She had been sorry for saying that I had amused her! I was in a transport. However, I awoke to the fact that Miss Huntington was not alone. With her was a stately woman with gray hair, and an assorted batch of somebodies of the masculine gender.

"My mother!" said Miss Huntington, presenting me. "Mr. Burton lives in Chicago, you know. It was so curious that I should meet him on a Netherlands farm."

Perhaps Madam Huntington had been looking for my name in the Chicago Bluebook. If so, she hadn't found it, for it wasn't there. I never took the trouble to tell the publishers of the Bluebook that I could trace my pedigree back to William the Conqueror. I hadn't cared a rap for the Chicago four hundred. However, Madame Huntington was correct and dignified, if not effusive. Was I enjoying Europe? Was it my first visit?

I was presented next to the earl of Piccadilly. I did not like the plans on which his architect had built him, for his shoulders were narrow and his head contracted. I had scarcely been introduced when he blurted out:

"I say! doesn't this bore a chap deucedly! Shawn't we be going, Miss Huntington?"

Whether it was the prison or myself to whom Piccadilly referred, I did not discover. Miss Huntington pretended not to hear his remark, for she was presenting me to Lord Barnstable.

(To be continued.)

TREES IN HOLLAND

Elms That a French Monarch Guarded.

The Hague Correspondence Chicago News.

There is perhaps no other well populated country in the world which has so many well wooded towns as has Holland. Most of the streets and grachts or canals have avenues of trees. Utrecht has two rows of trees on either side of its quaint canals. Its canal banks are constructed as if in two stories. The lower story, almost flush with the water level, is lined with warehouses and vaults, while the upper story has dwellings and shops. Both levels are planted with trees.

In Holland these useful services are gratefully recognized and the trees are carefully tended by the municipalities. The cost of this care per capita in the different towns varies somewhat. Last year, for example, Utrecht devoted 21 cents (Dutch) to its trees for each inhabitant and The Hague 28 cents for each of its 59,000 citizens. It takes 2½ Dutch cents to equal an American cent. About ten years ago the annual cost of caring for the trees of The Hague was 19 cents (Dutch) per capita, but since that time many new trees and shrubs have been planted throughout the city and new parks have been laid out.

It has been found that not every kind of tree will thrive in the streets of a town, for trees have many enemies both above and below ground. Gas escaping from pipes under ground is the worst enemy of trees, because quite small quantities of it are deadly. For this reason special precautions are taken against the leakage of gas in Dutch towns. How electricity escaping underground acts upon trees as yet has not been sufficiently studied to be understood. Trees will not grow in very narrow streets where the houses are high, neither will they thrive if the pavement does not let in moisture and air in sufficient quantities.

The best trees for street planting in Holland are elms and lindens, but the elm is the hardier of the two and will grow where a linden will not. Trees of these kinds reach a great age, like the old elms along the quiet grachts of Edam, one of the "dead" cities of the Zuyder Zee, which saw the fleets of Van Tromp and De Ruyter in the harbor of Edam—the harbor which appears so tiny to modern eyes that one with difficulty imagines "the terror of the North Sea" anchoring there. Then there are the magnificent lindens of the Mallebaan in Utrecht, which appealed to the French monarch King Louis XIV. Those lindens he commanded his soldiers to spare on peril of their lives.

AS A MAN LIVES

BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

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CHAPTER XXIV.

My Dilemma.

It seemed to me during the days that followed that I was confronted with a problem of more than ordinary complexity. I at any rate found it so. To live through childhood and girlhood wholly unconscious of the existence of a living mother, and then to find her like this, with such a history, was altogether a bewildering and unrealizable thing. Was I unnatural that I had not fallen in her arms? Ought I to have heard her story with sympathy, or at least, with simulated sympathy? At any rate I had not erred on the side of kindness towards her! I had made her suffer, and suffer very bitterly. Yet was not that inevitable? The seed was of her own sowing, not of mine. I was her unconscious agent. The inevitable requital of offenses against the laws of social order had risen up against her in my person. If I had pretended an affection which I certainly had not felt, I must have figured as a hypocrite—and she was not the woman to desire that. I liked her. I had been attracted towards her from the first. Doubtless that attraction, which was in itself intuitive, was due to the promptings of nature. In that case it would develop. It seemed to me that this offer of hers—to go with her to a definite post and definite duties would be the best of opportunities for such development. I was strongly inclined to accept it. I was both lonely and unhappy. In a certain sense my education and long residence abroad had unfitted me for this sedentary (in a mental sense) and uneventful life. The events of the last few weeks had only increased my restlessness. There was something from which I desired almost frantically to escape, certain thoughts which I must do my utmost to drown. At all costs I desired to leave the place. Its environment had suddenly become stifling to me. The more I considered my mother's offer the more I felt inclined to accept it.

And accept it I did. Early one morning I walked down to the Yellow House and in a very few words engaged myself as Mrs. Fortress' secretary. We were both of us careful, for opposite reasons, not to discuss the matter in any but a purely businesslike spirit. Yet she could not altogether conceal the satisfaction which my decision certainly gave her.

"I only hope that you will not find the life too monotonous," she said. "There is a good deal of hard work to be done, of course, and mine is not altogether interesting labor."

"Hard work is just what I want," I assured her. "It will be strange at first, of course, but I do not mind the monotony of it. I want to escape from my thoughts. I feel as though I had been living through a nightmare here."

She looked at me with a soft light in her eyes.

"Poor child!" she murmured, "poor child!"

I was afraid she was going to ask me questions which I could not well have answered, so I rose to my feet and turned away. Yet there was something soothing in her evident sympathy. She walked to the door with me.

"When shall you be ready to go to London with me?" she asked, upon the threshold.

"Any time," I answered, promptly. "There is nothing I desire so much as to leave here."

"I will write to have my little place put in order today," she said. "It will be ready for us in a week, I daresay. I think that I too shall be glad to leave here."

I walked quietly home through the shadowy plantation and across the little stretch of common. On my way upstairs to my room, Mary our little housemaid, interrupted me.

"There is a young lady in the drawing room waiting to see you, miss," she announced; "she came directly after you went."

I retraced my steps slowly. Of course I knew who it was. I opened the door, and found her sitting close to the fire.

She rose at once to her feet, and looked at me a little defiantly. I greeted her as pleasantly as I could, but she was evidently in a bad humor. There was an awkward silence for a moment or two. I waited for her to explain her mission.

"I saw you with Mr. Deville the other day," she remarked at last.

I nodded.

"It is quite true. I did all that I could to avoid him. That was what I promised, you know."

"Is that the first time you have seen him since we made our arrangement?" she asked.

"The first time," I answered.

"You have not been with him this afternoon?" she asked suspiciously.

"Certainly not," I assured her. "I have only been down to see Mrs. Fortress for a few minutes."

"He was not there?"

"No."

She sighed and looked away from me into the fire, and when she spoke her voice was thick with rising sobs.

"He does not care for me. I cannot make him! My money does not seem to make any difference. He is too fierce and independent. I don't think that I shall ever be able to make him care."

I looked steadily down upon the carpet, and set my teeth firmly. It was ridiculous that my heart should be beating so fiercely.

"I'm sorry for you," I said, softly.

She fixed her black eyes upon me.

"You are sorry for me," she repeated. "Very good, you do not care for him yourself. But listen! I am afraid, I fear that he cares for you."

"You do not know that," I faltered.

"You——"

"Bah!" she interrupted, scornfully. "I know. But you—there is something else. That is our secret. Never mind, you do not care for him at any rate. You shall help me then. What do you say?"

"How can I help you?" I repeated. "Have I not already done all that I can by refusing to see him? What more can I do?"

"It was all a mistake—a stupid mistake, that idea of mine," she cried, passionately. "Men are such fools. I ought not to have tried to keep you apart. He has been grim and furious always because he could not see you. I have had to suffer for it. It has been hateful. Oh, if you want to escape the greatest, the most hideous torture in this world," she cried, passionately,

BLADDER TROUBLES NEED PROMPT ATTENTION.

Perhaps you don't know how much work is required of your kidneys and bladder or of how much importance they are. Do you know that on these important organs hinges good health? Many an apparently strong, healthy man or woman has been stricken without notice by serious kidney and bladder disease only to realize too late what might have been prevented with proper care and attention.

Some of the early symptoms of weak kidneys and bladder are lumbago, rheumatism, catarrh of the bladder, pain or dull ache in the back, joints or muscles, at times have headache or indigestion, dizziness, you may have a sallow complexion, puffy or dark circles under the eyes, sometimes feel as though you had heart trouble, may have plenty of ambition but no strength, get weak and waste away.

If you find you have some of the symptoms mentioned, you need then a remedy that will reach the seat of the disease and at the same time build up the system generally.

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more miserable to stay here, if he is not kind to you."

She threw a curious glance at me. It was full of suspicion and full of malice.

"Oh, yes! of course you would advise me to go away," she exclaimed, spitefully. "You would give a good deal to be rid of me. I know. I wish——"

She leaned over a little nearer to me, and drew in her breath with a little hiss. Her eyes were fixed upon my face eagerly.

"You wish what?" I asked her, calmly.

"I wish that I understood you; I wish I knew what you were afraid of. What have you to do with Philip Maltabar? If he is not your lover, who is he? If he is not your lover, what of Bruce Deville? Oh! if you have been fooling me!" she muttered, with glistening eyes.

"You are a little enigmatic," I said, coldly. "You seem to think that you have a right to know every detail of my private life."

"I want to know more, at any rate, than you will tell me," she answered; "yet there is just this for you to remember. I am one of those whose love is stronger than their hate. For my love's sake I have forgotten to hate. But it may be that my love is vain. Then I shall put it from me if I can—crush it even though my life dies with it. But I shall not forget to hate. I came here with a purpose. It has grown weak, but it may grow strong again. Do you understand me?"

"You mean in plain words that if you do not succeed with Mr. Deville, you will recommence your search for the man you call Philip Maltabar."

She nodded her head slowly; her keen eyes were seeking to read mine.

"You will do as you choose, of course," I answered; "as regards Mr. Deville, I can do no more for you than I have done."

She commenced twisting her fingers nervously together, and her eyes never left my face.

"I think that you could do more than you have done," she said, meaningly. "You could do more if you would. That is why I am here. I have something to say to you about it."

"What is it?" I asked. "Better be plain with me. We have been talking riddles long enough."

"Oh, I will be plain enough," she declared, with a touch of blunt fierceness in her tone. "I believe that he cares for you. I believe that is why he will not think for a moment even of me. When I tell you that you know of course that I hate you."

"Oh, yes, I have known that for some time."

"I hate you!" she repeated, sullenly. "If you were to die I should be glad. If I had the means and the strength, I believe, I am sure that I would kill you myself."

I rose to my feet with a little shudder. She was terribly in earnest.

"I don't think, unless you have anything more to say, that it is a particularly pleasant interview for either of us," I remarked, with my hand upon the bell. But she stopped me.

"I have something else to propose," she declared. "You have said that you do not love him. Very well. Perhaps his not seeing you has irritated him and made him impatient. See him. Let him ask you—he will not need much encouragement—and refuse him. Answer him so that he can not possibly make any mistake. Be rude to him if you can. Perhaps then, if he knows that you are not to be moved, he will come to me. Do you understand?"

"Oh, yes, I understand," I said, slowly; "I understand perfectly. There is only one thing you seem to forget. Your idea that Mr. Deville is interested in me is only a surmise. It is more than possible that you are altogether mistaken. He and I are almost strangers. We have not met a dozen times in our lives. He has never shown any inclination to make any sort of proposal to me; I should think it most unlikely that he should ever do so. Supposing that you were right, it would probably be months before he would mention it to me, and I am going away."

She smiled at me curiously. How I hated that smile, with its almost feline-like exhibition of glistening white teeth!

"He will propose to you if you will let him," she said, confidently. "If you are really ignorant of that fact, and of your conquest, I can assure you of it."

Suddenly she broke off and looked intently out of the window. Across the park in the distance a tall, familiar figure was coming rapidly towards us. She turned and faced me.

"He is coming here now," she declared. "I am going away. You stay here and see him. Perhaps he will ask you now. Can't you help him on to it? Remember, the more decidedly you refuse him the safer is Philip Maltabar. Be rude. Laugh at him; tell him he is too rough, too coarse for you. That is what he thinks himself. Hurt his feelings—wound him. It will be the better for you. You are a woman, and you can do it. Listen! Do you want money? I am rich. You shall have—I will give you five—ten thousand pounds if—if—he ever asks me. Ten thousand pounds, and safety for Philip Maltabar. You understand!"

She glided out of the room with white, passionate face and gleaming eyes. Whither she went I did not know. I stood there waiting for my visitor.

CHAPTER XXV.

A Proposal.

She left me alone in the room, and I stood there for a minute or two without moving. I heard his quick step on the gravel path outside and then his summons at the door. Mechanically I rang the bell and directed that he should be shown in to me.

The door was opened and closed. Then he was ushered in, our little maid-servant announcing him with a certain amount of unnecessary emphasis. She withdrew at once, and we were alone together. As he touched my hand I noticed that he was wearing a new suit of riding clothes, which became him very well, and a big bunch of violets in his buttonhole.

"So I have found you at last, have I?" he said, standing over me as though he feared I might even now try to escape. "Was it by your maid's mistake that I was allowed to come in this afternoon?"

"No," I answered; "I told her only a minute ago to show you in. I wanted to see you."

"You are extremely kind," he remarked, with a note of irony in his tone. "My patience was very nearly exhausted. I was beginning to wonder whether I should ever see you again."

"It was becoming just a question whether you would," I remarked. "We are closing the house up next week, I believe, and removing our 'Penates' to Eastminster. Alice is busy packing already, and so ought I to be."

"If that is a hint to me," he remarked, "I decline to take any notice of it. I have something to say to you. I have had to wait long enough for the opportunity."

"A little more than a week," I murmured.

"Never mind how long," he declared. "It has seemed like a year. Tell me—are you glad that you are going away?"

"I am very glad," I admitted. "I am glad that we are all going away. In any case I should not have stayed. Perhaps you have heard that I am going to London with Mrs. Fortress?"

Evidently he had not heard. He looked at me in amazement.

"With Mrs. Fortress?" he repeated. "Did you say you were going with her?"

"Yes; I am going to be her secretary. I thought that she might have told you."

He was looking rather grave; certainly not pleased.

"I do not see what you want to be any one's secretary for," he said, frowning. "You are going to leave here. Eastminster is a very pleasant place."

"I am afraid I should find it very dull," I answered. "I only admire cathedral cities from an external point of view. It would bore me horribly to have to live in one."

He stood there looking down at me in absolute silence. I raised my eyes and met his steadfast gaze. I knew then that what this girl had said was true. Then all of a sudden an unaccountable thing happened. The composure on which I prided myself deserted me. My eyes fell. I could not look at him, my cheeks were flushed; my heart commenced to beat fast; I was taken completely at a disadvantage. He seized the opportunity and commenced to speak.

"Perhaps," he said, slowly, "you have wondered what has made me so anxious to see you these last few days. I am glad to have an opportunity of telling you. I have been wanting to for some time."

I would have given a good deal to have been able to stop him, but I could not. I was powerless. I was as much embarrassed as the veriest schoolgirl. He went on—

"I want to ask you to be my wife, Miss Ffolliot. As you know," he added, with a sudden faint flash of humor, "I am not apt with my tongue. I am afraid that I have allowed myself to rust in many ways. But if you will make the best of me you will make me very happy; for I think you know that I love you very much."

"No, no," I cried softly, "you must not say that. I did not wish any one to say that to me. I am not going to marry any one."

"Why not?" he asked, calmly.

"You ought not to ask me," I answered. "You know my story."

He laughed outright in kindly contempt. Then I knew I had made a great mistake. I should have given him some other reason. This one he would laugh to scorn. And because I had given it first he would deem it the chief one in my thoughts. Before I could stop him he had taken one of my hands and was smoothing it in his great brown palm. Somehow I forgot to draw it away.

"Did you ever seriously imagine that any such circumstance could make one iota of difference to any man who loved you?" he asked, in a mild wonder. "It is preposterous."

"It is not preposterous," I declared. "How can you say so? I am—nobody. I have not even a name."

"Will you please not talk nonsense?" he interrupted, firmly. "We both know quite well in our hearts that such a circumstance as you allude to could not make the slightest difference—if you cared for me as I care for you. All I want to know is—do you care—a little? If you will give me—if you can—just a little share of your love, the rest will come. I should not be afraid to wait. I would take my chance. I have cared for you from the moment you first came here."

I looked up at him with wet eyes, but with a faint smile.

"You managed to conceal your sentiments admirably on our first meeting," I remarked.

He laughed. He was getting absolutely confident; and all this time I was drifting with a full knowledge of the shipwreck ahead.

"I was brutal," he said. "Somehow, do you know, you irritated me that morning? You looked so calm and self-possessed, and your very daintiness made me feel rough and coarse. It was like an awakening for me. Yet I loved you all the time."

"I am very sorry," I said, slowly.

He flashed a keen glance upon me. His eyes tried to force mine to meet them. I kept them away.

"You must not be sorry," he said, impetuously; "you must be glad."

But I shook my head.

"There is nothing to be glad about," I cried, with a sob in my throat. "I do—I do—not——"

"Go on!" he pressed, relentlessly. "I do not care for you in that way," he repeated slowly. "Is that true? An hour ago I should have doubted you. But now—look at me and tell me so."

I nerved myself to a desperate effort. I looked up and met his stern, compelling gaze. My cheeks were pale. The words came slowly and with difficulty. But I told my lie well.

"I do not care for you. I could never think of marrying you."

He rose at once. The tears came to my eyes with a rush. He was very pale, and there was a look in his face which hurt me.

"Thank you," he said; "you are very explicit, and I have been a clumsy fool. But you might have stopped me before. Good-by!"

I looked up, and the words were on my lips to call him back. For the moment I had forgotten Olive Berdenstein and my bargain with her. If he had been looking then it would have been all over. But already his back was vanishing through the door. I moved slowly to the window and watched him walk down the path with head bent and footsteps less firm than usual. He crossed the road and took the footpath across the park which led up to the Court. In the distance, a weird little figure in her waving cloak gleaming through the faint mist. I could see Olive Berdenstein crossing the common diagonally with the evident intention of intercepting him. I turned away from the window and laughed bitterly.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Evidence of Circumstances.

Two weary days dragged themselves by. We had no news whatever from my father. We did not even know where he was. Alice and I were hard at work packing, and already the house began to look bare and comfortless. All the rooms except two were dismantled. We began to count the days before we might be able to move into Eastminster. No one came to call upon us. I saw nothing whatever either of Olive Berdenstein or of Bruce Deville.

But in the afternoon of the third day I saw them both from the window of my room. They came from the plantation leading down to the Yellow House and turned slowly upwards from the court. The girl was much more fittingly dressed than usual. She was wearing a dark green tailor-made gown, and even from the distance at which I stood I could see that she was walking briskly, and that there was a new vivacity in her manner and carriage. Her usuallly sallow cheeks were touched with a faint and very becoming tinge of pink. Bruce Deville too was leaning down towards her with a little more than his usual consideration. I watched them from the window, and there was a pain at my heart like the pain of death. Had she won already, I wondered? Was a man so easily to be deceived?

They had come from the Yellow House; he had been taking her to see Mrs. Fortress. An irresistible desire seized me. I hurried on my jacket and hat and walked down there.

The little maid-servant admitted me without hesitation. Mrs. Fortress was at home, she told me, and would no doubt see me, although she was very busy. Hearing my voice, she came out into the hall to meet me, and led me into her study.

"I am hard at work, you see," she remarked, pointing to a pile of papers littered all over her desk. "When do you think that you will be able to come into residence with me? I have had my little flat put in order, and I want to get there soon."

"I can come in about three weeks, I suppose," I said. "I shall be very glad to. We hope to move to Eastminster on Monday or Tuesday. I want to see my father again and to help them to settle down there. Afterwards I shall be quite free."

She nodded, and looked at me keenly for a moment or two.

"You are looking tired and worried," she said, sympathetically. "Has anything fresh happened?"

"Nothing."

She waited for a moment, but she did not pursue the subject. Still, I fancied that she was disappointed that I did not offer her my confidence.

"Mr. Bruce Deville has just been here, and Miss Berdenstein," she remarked.

I nodded.

"I saw them come through the plantation," I remarked. "I have not seen Miss Berdenstein for several days. Is she quite well?"

She looked at me, and commenced to sort some papers.

"Oh, yes, she is well enough. Bruce Deville rather puzzles me. He is in a very odd mood. I have never seen him more attentive to any one than he is to that girl, and yet all the time there was a sort of brutal cynicism about his behavior, and when I asked him to stay and talk to me he would not. I wonder have you——"

She looked up into my face and stopped short. There was a little pause.

"Won't you tell me about it?" she said, wistfully. "Not unless you like, of course."

"There is nothing much to tell," I answered, controlling my voice with a desperate effort. "Mr. Deville asked me something. I was obliged to say no. He is consoling himself admirably."

She sighed, and looked at me thoughtfully. That note of bitterness in my tone had betrayed me.

"I am sorry," she said. "Bruce Deville is not exactly a woman's man, and he has many faults, but he is a fine fellow. He is a world too good anyhow to throw himself away upon that miserable chit of a girl."

That was exactly my own idea. I did not tell her so, however.

"She is very rich," I remarked. "She can free his estates and put him in his right position again."

"That is only a trifle," she declared. "Besides, he is not so poor as some people think. He could live differently now, only he is afraid that he would have to entertain and be entertained. He makes his poverty an excuse for a great many things, but as a matter of fact he is not nearly so embarrassed as people believe. The truth is he detests society."

"I do not blame him," I answered. "Society is detestable."

"At any rate, I cannot bring myself to believe that he is thinking seriously about that girl," she continued, anxiously. "I should hate to think so!"

"Men are enigmas," I remarked. "It is precisely the unexpected which one has always to expect from them."

"That is what they say about us," said.

I nodded.

"Don't you think that most of the things that men say of women are more true about themselves? It seems so to me, at any rate."

She rose up suddenly, and came and stood over me. She held out her hands, and I gave her mine. My eyes were dim. It was strange to me to find any one who understood.

"Would you like to go away with me tomorrow—right away from here?" she asked, softly.

"Where to?" I asked, with sudden joy.

"oT London. Everything is ready for us there; we only need to send a telegram. I think—perhaps—it would be good for you."

"I am sure of it," I answered, quickly. "I have a sort of fancy that if I stay here I shall go mad. The place is hateful."

"Poor child!" she said, soothingly. "You must make up your mind and come."

"I would not hesitate," I answered, "if only I could feel certain that—he would not come back here before Olive Berdenstein leaves."

"We can make sure of it," she said. "Write and tell him that it would not be safe; he ought not to come."

Our eyes met, and I felt impelled to ask her a sudden question.

"Do you believe that he killed her brother?"

She looked at me with blanched cheeks and glanced half-fearfully around. From where I sat I could see the black bending branches from that little fir plantation where he had been found.

"What else is there to believe?" she asked. "I heard him myself one awful day—it was long ago, but it seems only like yesterday—I heard him threaten to kill him if ever he found him near again. It was outside the gate there that they met, and then—in the church you remember——"

I held ou my hand and stopped her. The moaning of the wind outside seemed like the last cry of that dying man. It was too horrible.

"I cannot stay here," I cried. "I will go with you whenever you are ready." A light flashed across her face. She drew me to her and kissed my forehead.

"I am sure it would be best," she said. "I, too, loathe this place! I shall never live here any more. Tomorrow——"

"Tomorrow," I interrupted, "we will go away."

(To Be Continued.)

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SUNDAY SCHOOL

RACE QUESTION AND RELIGION

The International Sunday School Lesson for April 4 Is, "Peter and Cornelius." Acts 10:1-48.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

The race question in its acutest and gravest form is not to be found in the southern states, or in San Francisco or Vancouver; but on the other side of the world, where the oriental and the African come into contact with the white man. Especially serious and ominous is it in China, because the European and American there have, on the whole, insisted upon acting toward the natives of the country as if the latter were inferior beings. The entire anti-foreign sentiment in China may be traced to the simple lack of brotherliness in the conduct of the white men in China. The case in India is similar. The justice of Britain's rule can scarcely be questioned, but the Indian has been irritated and made rebellious by the refusal of many white men to treat him as a brother man. The attitude of the average "sahib" toward the native has exasperated the proud Indian to the point of open rebellion.

How is the race question a modern issue. It existed in the first Christian century with an intensity unequal to anything known at the present time. The Greeks and Romans looked upon the whole outer world as "barbarians." The Jew regarded all Gentiles contemptuously. They were beyond the pale. The caste system, at which we shudder in India, was just as strong and bitter and unbrotherly on the part of the Jews of old.

A Leveling Gospel.

Christianity undertook to draw just one line of division between men, and that not a horizontal line, but a vertical one. All other social and religious systems had apportioned men into upper classes, middle classes, and lower classes. Christ drew a vertical line, on one side of which were the good, and on the other side the bad. Into the intense class consciousness of the day, and in spite of natural disposition of Jewish Christians, the religion of Jesus projected a conception of brotherhood. It judged men only on the basis of their attitude toward Christ. As the appeal to the Gentiles later expressed it: "There cannot be Greek and Jew, circumcision and uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bondman and freeman; but Christ is all and in all."

Serious controversies agitated the early church over this question. Paul had to withstand Peter to his face. The Jewish church had its faith and vision sorely tested in the effort to admit Gentile Christians on an equal footing. Yet this was the triumph of the early church. It abolished all social lines. Rich and poor, slave and freeman, Jew and Gentile, became brothers in the one common Lord.

The Heathen's Vision.

On the outskirts of the Jewish faith there dwelt a large company of men and women who were not strictly proselytes, yet who believed in the one God. Among these was a certain Roman military man, Captain Cornelius. He was not a churchman in full standing. But the record runs that he was a devout man, and one that feared God with all his house, who gave much alms to the people, and prayed to God always." Cornelius was an advanced type of the men who are to be found in every nation who reach out blind hands to the Father of us all. He is an early monition to Christians everywhere that they should interpret most liberally all the gropings and strivings of the ancient faiths after a spiritual life as an aspiration towards the true and living God.

To Cornelius came a vision, bidding him summon Simon Peter, who would instruct him more fully in the things of the Spirit. The picture is worth mediating upon. It was not a mystic nor a seer nor a "holy man" to whom the vision came, but to a practical man of affairs, a soldier. The power of vision is not denied to any man in any sphere. The sad truth is that men shut their eyes to visions which are all around them. How few of the hurrying merchandizers who throng New York's public ways take time for a moment's thought of the vast social, political and spiritual problems that are incarnated on every side of them! It is by the man of vision that these perplexities are to be solved. And only as a powerful proportion of the people are possessed of the gift of vision to which they are obedient can we hope for a solution of the teeming problems of our time. Tennyson's exhortation is still widely applicable:

O young Mariner,
Down to the haven,
Call your companions,
Launch your vessel,
Crowd your canvas,
And, ere it vanishes
Over the margin,
After it, follow it,
Follow The Gleam.

Some Curious Coincidences.

While Cornelius was being given his vision in Caesarea, Peter was receiving another vision in Joppa. These coincidences of the spiritual and physical world are profoundly suggestive. They hush into reverence every thoughtful mind. Only the crass and the ignorant disregard them or treat them lightly. God's bells all chime in tune. There is such a thing as a divine concatenation of events. God was working in Caesarea and in Joppa. The same omniscient and omnipresent Spirit was moving upon the hearts of two men whose lives had never before impinged.

The miracle is as common as life. Why is it that one spark of love lights the heart of any two persons whose lives have been lived in different spheres? Why is it that men with the same purpose, working far apart, are intimately brought together? It is difficult for a reverent spirit to escape the conviction that God is managing his own world.

The preparation of Peter was interesting. All unwittingly he had been made ready for a new experience. He was lodging with a tanner, an intimate which made him an outcast in Jewish eyes. Many of Peter's prejudices had been severely jolted. Subsequently he could see, as most of us can see, how inexplicable past experiences have led up to a great present.

The Sheet and the Beasts.

Fastidious Peter's vision was of a sheet let down from Heaven containing all manner of living creatures, upon which he was bidden to dine. As is correct now, he revolted, because he had never touched food that was ceremonially unclean. The average American cannot quite appreciate Peter's state of mind, nor the fact that the same conditions exist today. I thought of Simon Peter when one day, in the holy city of Benares in India, a Hindu merchant waved me frantically away from his food bazar lest my profaning hands should touch and contaminate the ceremonially clean food that was his merchandise.

Peter was reminded that man-made laws shrivel into insignificance when God speaks. A distinguished Southern gentleman went to Africa as a missionary, and as his companion had a negro Christian. In this country they both sedulously observed the social usages in relation to their community in the relations between white men and negroes. But in Africa, in the face of common peril and common need and a common mission, they forgot that there ever was such a thing as a color line, and they became brother men, serving as one Master for the welfare of the race. Henry Van Dyke pointedly has said: "Men are many, humanity is one." In the higher realms of life and service we never hear the phrase, so common in certain parts of the world: "only a Chinaman," "only a nigger," "only a dago."

The Vision That Makes Duty.

After the vision of Cornelius and Peter, both received an interpretation of the significance of their strange experiences. Both learned that God was calling them forth not only to an immediate service, but to the leading of a pioneer faith into a great, new territory of life. Along the way first trod by Peter and Cornelius, myriads have since followed to the Cross in whose blessed light all colors of humanity are as one.

What if Peter or Cornelius had been disobedient to the Heavenly vision! There is nothing so sacred in this world as the spiritual response which comes to men. Whenever God speaks through the voice of duty the one supreme concern of the heart should be to hear and to make quick answer. Concerning all such messages it may be said, as God said of the men at Peter's gate: "Get thou down and go with them, nothing doubting; for I have sent them." Professor H. L. Koopman has expressed the thought beautifully:

"When I am dead,
May this with truth be said,
On the wide stone that marks my lowly head,
That, spite of doubt and indecision,
In spite of weakness, lameness, blindness,
Heart's trickery and fate's unkindness,
Neglect of friends and scorn of foes,
Stark poverty and all its woes,
The body's ills that cloud the mind
And the bold spirit bind,
Still through my earthly course I went,
Not disobedient
Unto the Heavenly Vision."

Deaf People Now Hear Whispers

Listening Machines Invented by a Kentuckian.

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Ever see a pair of Listening Machines? They make the Deaf hear distinctly. They are so soft in the ears one can't tell they are wearing them.

And, no one else can tell either, because they are out of sight when worn. Wilson's Ear Drums are to weak hearing what spectacles are to weak sight.

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And, they can be worn for weeks at a time, because they are ventilated, and so soft in the ear holes they are not felt even when the head rests on the pillow. They also protect any raw inner parts of the ear from wind, or cold, dust, or sudden and piercing sounds.

These little telephones make it easy for a Deaf person to hear weak sounds as spectacles make it easy to read fine print. And, the longer one wears them the better his hearing grows, because they rest up, and strengthen, the ear nerves. To rest a weak ear from straining is like resting a strained wrist from working.

Wilson's Ear Drums rest the Ear Nerves by making the sounds louder, so it is easy to understand without trying and straining. They make deaf people cheerful and comfortable, because such people can talk with their friends without the friends having to shout back at them. They can hear without straining. It is the straining that puts such a queer, anxious look on the face of a deaf person.

Wilson's Ear Drums make all the sound strike hard on the center of the human ear drum, instead of on the part it is weakly all over the surface. It thus makes the center of the human ear drum vibrate ten times as much as if the same sound struck the whole drum head. It is this vibration of the ear drum that carries the sound to the hearing Nerves. When we make the drum vibrate ten times as much we make the sound ten times as loud and ten times as easy to understand.

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362 Todd Building, Louisville, Ky.

The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

Will somebody kindly tell me of a mixture for spraying fruit trees?—M., Leslie, Mich.

I will be thankful if some reader of the Farmstead column will give me a recipe for canning asparagus in Mason jars.—S., Maryland, Mich.

I would like to have a recipe for destroying bugs on cucumbers and cabbage. Will somebody please reply through the Farmstead columns?—B., Derry, Pa.

Would like to have the method of dehorning calves.—F., Pling, W. Va.

GROWING POTATOES

W., Camden, O.: The first essential to consider in the culture of Irish potatoes is the quality of soil. It must be good, such as slightly sandy loam or a soft clay; never swampy muck or limestone clay. Plow the ground nice and smooth, pulverize thoroughly with disk and harrow. If many acres are to be planted a two-horse planter would be preferable; if but few are to be planted you can mark your ground with one horse and furrowing plow, with moulboard. Cut potatoes so as to leave one or two eyes in each piece and drop twelve or fourteen inches apart; cover with furrowing plow, with the horse walking in the furrow, on the potatoes; hold the plow to one side so as to cover nicely. Keep the stand well tended with cultivator. It is not necessary to cultivate deep, but the weeds should be kept down. Keep the dirt gradually washing toward the row until vines begin to fall. A twelve-inch blade on a single shovel plow makes a good digger.—G., McConnellsville, O.

CEMENT CISTERN

H., Dale, W. Va.: Cement cisterns are made as follows: Mark a circle where the cistern is to be built, one foot larger than the diameter of the cistern. Then form an oval mound inside the circle by removing the earth from the outside of the center by placing earth in the center and tamping it well; make a form of boards 20x20 inches, five inches deep, and place this in the center of the mound. Then cover the mound five inches deep with cement and gravel, thoroughly mixed while dry, five to one; moisten this to make a stiff mortar; tamp firmly and leave worty-eight hours; then remove the earth from the inside to the desired depth and within six inches of the outside of the cement top. Cement the sides and bottom two coats with cement and sand, one and one. A leak in a cistern may be stopped by washing the inside with cement and water. Apply with whitewash brush.—K., Benton Harbor, Mich.

INCUBATION AND BROODING

The season is at hand when those who have eggs on hand—or may desire to obtain them—begin to think of the means to employ in hatching them. It is a question as to whether setting hens or incubators are to be employed. Of course, if the breeder has no setting hens, the question is answered for him—he must use an incubator. But, while this is a question easily decided, it is by no means an easy task to advise the beginner regarding the proper methods to pursue in operating the incubator once he purchases one, says the Indianapolis News.

There are on the market so many different makes of incubators that it is almost impossible to prescribe a set of rules that will apply to the operation of all of them. All manufacturers, however, and dealers and agents will supply with each machine purchased a full and complete set of rules for its operation, and the purchaser should follow these rules carefully.

Some incubators are, of course, better than others, but there is none on the market that will not prove satisfactory so far as results are concerned if the manufacturer's instructions are closely followed. But, no matter the sort of incubator purchased, the beginner must be careful to place the machine where it can be operated to best advantage. A cellar will answer the purpose, but the breeder must make sure that the temperature is right. Cellar temperature, as a rule, varies little, and, on this account, the cellar is a good place for the incubator, but, very often, poor ventilation more than offsets this advantage. The cellar, in other words, should not only show little variation in temperature, but it should be clean, well lighted and pure fresh air—a necessity—should be also a part of its equipment.

Care in selecting and preserving eggs for hatching should be exercised. Do not set eggs produced by stock that is not thoroughly healthy, strong and vigorous. Stock that is not in prime condition, it is likely that the eggs will not be fertile. And an incubator, it is needless to say, will not hatch an infertile egg, no matter how perfectly it performs its work. Nor will the machine hatch strong, thrifty chickens from eggs that are from weak stock.

During the cold days of spring, eggs should be gathered often so that they do not become chilled. The egg, however, should not be kept in a temperature higher than 65 degrees. They should be turned every day, for when eggs are permitted to rest in the same position for several days at a time, the germ will gradually work its way to the side of the egg and adhere to the shell. Eggs, moreover, will give better results if incubated within a few days after they are laid. It is possible, though, to keep the eggs three weeks before incubating, provided they are turned, as advised, and the temperature is no higher than 60 degrees. Try, too, to set eggs that are of uniform size.

Before setting eggs in the incubator, try the machine thoroughly. After it is heated, and the temperature remains steadily at 103 degrees for several hours, the breeder can safely conclude that the machine is in good working order. The eggs can then be set and, thereafter, the only person permitted to touch the machine should be the person whose duty it is to attend to it. Keep the directions conveniently at hand and read them over carefully until you are thoroughly acquainted with them.

Too little attention is paid to artificial brooding by those breeders who employ incubators. The average person seems to think that brooding is a secondary consideration when, in fact, it is of no less importance than the hatching. In a word, the rules for the operation of the brooder should be as carefully studied as those for the operation of the incubator.

Chicks should be kept in the incubator until they are thoroughly dry. They can then be removed—about 30 hours after hatching, as a rule—and placed in a brooder heated to 95 degrees.

The brooder should be kept at this temperature for at least three or four days. At the end of this period, the heat should be reduced a degree each day. In regulating this reduction of temperature, do not forget that as the chicks grow older and increase in size, their body heat adds to the temperature. For example, the temperature of the brooder might be proper five minutes before the chicks hover in it for the night, but a few minutes after they have entered it will be noticed that the temperature has risen. This rise in temperature tends to weaken the chicks and has not a little to do with the large death rate among brooder chicks.

Do not overcrowd the brooder. A tendency to do this frequently causes disaster. Not over 50 chicks, it is the expert's opinion, should be put in any brooder that is held by the manufacturer to have a capacity for 100 chicks.

Clean the brooder at least every other day and give it at the same time a thorough airing.

Do not feed newly hatched chicks for 48 or 60 hours after hatching. Many chicks are killed by feeding them too soon after taking them from the incubators.

PLANTING AND CUTURAL RULES

Suburban Life.

Thoroughly compact the soil about the seeds and so hasten germination.

Remember that rows which run north and south allow the sun's rays to reach both sides of the plant—a distinct advantage.

Plant seeds of string beans every fortnight, so that there will always be a supply of tender pods.

Forget that potatoes were ever planted in hills; level culture is much better. Plant the tubers in deep furrows.

When planting large, flat seeds set them in the ground edgewise. Germination is more certain.

Make sowings once a week of such quick-growing vegetables as lettuce and radishes, to insure a continuous succession.

Sow radish seeds in the same row with slow-germinating seeds. They will come up in a few days and mark the rows for cultivation.

To get the earliest cucumbers, melons and summer squashes, sow the seeds early on inverted sods or in small pots in the house or coldframe.

Do not follow your grandfather's custom of planting beets, lettuce, onions and such vegetables, in raised beds. They dry out too quickly, as well as being difficult to cultivate.

Do not expect peas to mature well in the hot weather. You will be disappointed. But sow the seeds of an early variety in August and you will get a good crop in the fall. Spray with a potassium sulphide solution to keep down mildew.

Rotate the crops in the garden. Land that grew any of the cabbage tribe last year should be planted to beans or some other class of plants this year. Many troubles like clubfoot will thus be avoided. As a rule, follow root crops with those which grow above ground.

PLOWS

Shall I buy a disk plow or a moldboard plow? is a question frequently asked by the farmer. The conditions under which the plow is expected to operate must help answer this question, says the Chicago Weekly Inter Ocean.

All farmers are acquainted with the moldboard plow and know how to operate it to the best advantage. The disk plow, on the other hand, is a newer invention and has not been used so extensively. It is harder to operate successfully and for that reason has not given the general satisfaction which should be obtained. The use of the disk plow, however, is gradually growing and in a few years it will have almost as large a place, especially in the western states, as the moldboard plow.

Under similar conditions the disk plow is of lighter draft, but this difference is not so much as is often claimed by the manufacturers. Rolling friction makes it pull somewhat easier than sliding friction. Because of the rolling motion of the disk and its cutting effect it is not so likely to clog as the moldboard plow. What the disk cannot cut it will roll over.

The disk is capable of plowing ground that has become too dry and hard for the moldboard plow. This is oftentimes of much value, as it is not necessary to wait for rain and the seed can be planted at the proper time.

For humid sections and irrigated lands the moldboard plow must be considered superior. Under favorable conditions for plowing, where the soil is not too dry, the moldboard plow pulverizes and turns the soil more satisfactorily. It also handles sod to better advantage.

To do the same amount of work, the disk plow will require very little sharpening compared to the moldboard plow. This makes the running expenses of the disk very much less than that of a moldboard.

The disk should not be of too large diameter. A 24-inch disk for general use is to be preferred to one of larger diameter. The 24-inch disk will pulverize the soil more than a 28 or 30-inch one. The draft is a trifle more on the smaller one, but the difference is more than made up by the class of work it is able to do.

The disk should not cut too wide a furrow. It is far better to use two disks 24 inches in diameter, each one cutting eight inches in width, than to use a 30-inch disk cutting fourteen or sixteen inches in width. Taking a narrow furrow tends to make the bottom less corrugated.

Plowing the same ground year after year with the disk does not keep it in as good condition as if plowed with a moldboard plow.

TRANSMITTING DISEASES

There is at all times danger of the spread of contagious diseases through many channels. Contagious diseases are due to their respective germs, some of which are more virulent than others. Rabies is a contagious disease, but is seldom, if ever, transmitted except through a bite from an rabid animal. Tuberculosis is another contagious disease, and is usually spread from cows, calves and pigs through the milk, or by healthy animals coming into contact with diseased ones, or, in case of hogs, where they are following cattle in the feed lot and the cattle have tubercular ulcers in the bowels. Glanders is transmitted by coming in contact with the discharge from the nostrils, or from ulcers on the legs or body, or through drinking fountains. There are other diseases of horses, cattle and hogs that are more virulent and more acute in their attack and easily distributed. Hog cholera germs are easily carried by the coyote, foxes, dogs, men and other animals, and distributed from one form to another, thus spreading the disease through a whole community or country. Anthrax and many other diseases are spread in a like manner. A recent outbreak of a contagious disease among horses was noted in which the germs of the malady were apparently carried to an adjoining farm, either by dogs or on the shoes of individuals. In these cases all dead carcasses should be buried in lime or burned, preferably the latter, and all premises thoroughly disinfected, all stray dogs disposed of and general quarantine rules observed.

EVILS OF OVERFEEDING

Pigs have the reputation of gorging themselves with food whenever the opportunity presents itself. Too much food is harmful to all kinds of live stock. But horses and pigs are probably the animals that are too frequently allowed to eat more than is good for them.

Because pigs are fed chiefly on rich foods, they are more liable to be injured by excessive eating than cows and sheep. The reason some pigs do not thrive can generally be determined by examining the feed trough an hour or so after feeding time.

The stomach of no animal can stand overloading for any great period, and if the food that was placed in the trough is not all consumed it is a pretty sure sign that Mr. Pig is suffering the penalty for having made a pig of himself.

The remedy for this is very simple—give him just enough food every feeding time so that his appetite will not be entirely satisfied. An empty trough after each meal is generally indicative of proper feeding. Most horses require considerably less hay than they consume. Oat straw mixed with the ration of hay will prevent horses from gorging themselves on hay.

The same rule applies to the feeding of horses that does to pigs. If the manger is not properly cleaned it is a sign that the horse has eaten too much. If he is not fed less, his digestion will be seriously impaired in a very short time.

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QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1.—Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do it. 2.—Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. 3.—The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything or sell anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4.—We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5.—We will not answer any questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6.—Ask only replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers, we will reply in print, but never by mail.

HOMESTEAD LAWS

Can a foreigner take up a homestead in the United States? Are there any public lands in North Dakota?—F. B., Harbor Springs, Mich.

Under the United States laws, any citizen or person who declares intentions to become a citizen, male or female, 21 years old, or head of a family, may become the possessor of a homestead of 80 or 160 acres, by occupation and cultivation, to be taken from unreserved public lands, surveyed or unsurveyed. There are at the present time 2,899,685 acres of public lands in North Dakota.

GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

Will you please publish Lincoln's Gettysburg address?—D. M., Masontown, Pa.

The following is President Lincoln's speech delivered in November, 1863:

"Four score and ten years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note or long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from those honored dead we take increased devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

OYSTER BAY

In what part of New York is Oyster Bay located? What is the population and how far is it from New York city and Sagamore Hill?—M. L. D., Greensburg, Ind.

Oyster Bay is in Nassau county on the north coast of Long Island. It is fifteen miles east of New York and about three miles from Sagamore Hill. The population in 1900 was 1,558.

INHERITANCE TAX

What is the meaning of an inheritance tax?—R. T., Mosgrove, Pa.

An inheritance tax is an assessment laid upon the males heirs of property, either by distribution or descent. Sometimes this assessment is confined to collateral heirs, when it is called collateral inheritance tax. The raising of public funds in this way has been sanctioned by legislation from the beginning of Roman law, and in England and in other countries is a large and steady source of revenue, although such taxes have been stigmatized by certain economists as "death duties." During the civil war taxes of this kind were made part of the internal revenue system of the United States, but abolished soon after the struggle ended. The rate and method of assessment vary in different countries and in different states of the union. In the United States lineal collateral and succession inheritance taxes have been instituted in several states as a source of domestic revenue. Inheritance laws have in the United States occasioned much discussion and litigation, but their justice and utility have been testified to by experience and the decision of the law courts. The leading economists of the present and other periods have seen the scientific propriety, even necessity, of such legal provisions, and have noted the uniformity with which they deal with all classes of the financial community.

GEORGE DEWEY

I would like to know when George Dewey was born. Will you tell what you can of his ancestry?—M. D., Schoolcraft, Mich.

George Dewey was born December 26, 1837. He was the son of Julius Yemans and Mary (Perrin) Dewey. Dewey is eighth in descent from Thomas Dewey, of Sandwich, Kent, England, who, about 1633, emigranted to Massachusetts, and in the following year was admitted a freeman at Dorchester. He married Mrs. Frances Clark in 1639. They had one daughter and four sons, the second of whom, Josiah, was the ancestor of the admiral. Josiah Dewey was married in 1692, to Hepzibah, the daughter of Richard Lyman, whose lineage, some genealogists claim, has been traced back through the Lambert family to Alfred the Great.

UNITED EVANGELICAL CHURCH

Please tell what you can concerning the United Evangelical church.—E. M. R., Hebron, Neb.

The Encyclopedia Americana says: "The United Evangelical Church is the official designation of the national church of the kingdom of Prussia. The division of the Protestants of Prussia and all Germany was ever a subject of regret to statesmen and churchmen, and many were the efforts made to effect a union of Lutherans and Calvanists. What amicable conferences had failed to effect, that was at last brought about by autocratic decree in Nassau and Prussia in 1817, in Hesse in 1823, in Anhalt-Dessau in 1827. Neither Lutheran nor Reformed (Calvanist) was required to give up or to make any change in his creed; the two confessions were simply brought under one control—that of a superior church council, the Oberkirchenrath. The monarch, William III. of Prussia, prescribed to the United Evangelical church a liturgical service that is neither Lutheran nor Calvanistic. In 1905 there were in the United States 478 ministers of the United Evangelical Church, with 985 churches and 60,983 communicants."

BETSY ROSS

Will you please tell what you can, through the Question Bureau, concerning Betsy Ross and her connection with the first American flag?—E. N., Rochester, Ind.

Betsy Ross was born January 1, 1752, and died January 30, 1836. In 1773 she married John Ross, a young upholsterer, being skilful with it the use of the needle she assisted him in his work. Both conducted the upholstery business in Philadelphia, and when her husband died Betsy continued in the business herself. The committee appointed to design a flag for the nation visited Mrs. Ross and George Washington to her shop where she was engaged to make a flag from a pencil drawing made by Washington. The drawing represented the outlines of a flag of thirteen stripes with a field dotted with thirteen stars. The stars had six points, as Washington wished to avoid making a design for the flag that would be an exact copy of his coat-of-arms. Mrs. Ross suggested, however, that the stars be changed to five-pointed ones. This suggestion was accepted by the commission and her sample flag was adopted by congress June 14, 1777. She afterwards received a contract to make all the government flags. Mrs. Ross was married twice after the death of her first husband.

WHAT BURBANK HAS DONE

Will you please mention some of the many things Luther Burbank has produced?—A. G. W., Allegheny, Pa.

Some of the most important things which Burbank has produced are the following:

1873—The Burbank potato, Lunnenberg, Massachusetts.

1876—Reproduction in California of the same potato, known as Salinas Burbank.

1877—Crosses of Pacific coast lilies.

1880—Improving standard California varieties of rubus family by selection, by hybridizing and cross polination.

1882—Discovery of new silver variegated Bride's Myrtle; discovery of a way of growing the olive more quickly and producing a finer quality; development of new features in grafting and budding and more advanced methods of draining and irrigating.

1883—Nursery contains South American melons, Japanese camphor trees and strawberries, foreign locusts, plums and nuts, a million rose plants; system of world wide collection of seeds and plants established.

1884—Six varieties of hybrid berries.

1885—Production of the Golden Mayberry; acquisition of twelve new varieties of blackberries of rare species from China, Japan and Australia.

1886—Increased importations of Japanese walnuts and blood plums; attempting crosses to diminish the large pit.

1887—Appearance of Botan, Chabot Long Fruit and Masu, first of the new plums.

1888—Appearance of Satsuma and Burbank plums, Japanese hybrids able to endure 6 degrees below zero. The original Burbank tree, 22 years old, never failed to produce its annual crop. In this year Cecil Rhodes sent the manager of the Cape Town fruit farms to Burbank, with orders to adopt everything which Burbank should recommend.

1889—Nursery, finest in the west and built up from nothing to a profit of $10,000 per annum, sold in order that entire time and attention may be given to creative work.

1890—Production from over 1,000,000 seedling gladioli, of California (double) gladiolus, first of type.

1892—Appearance of the hybrid walnuts, Royal and Paradox; the Splendor prunes; the Gold, Wickson, Delaware, Juicy, October, Purple, Hale, Shiro, Red June and Abundance plums; the new quinces, Childs, Vandeman, Alpha and Santa Rosa; the flowering quince, Dazzle; a new seedling, pimpelopsis Veitchii; wax myrtle, begonia-leaved squash, silver lining poppy and crossbred seedlings of tigradas, cannas, arums, amyrillis, brodiaes, acquilegias and asters.

1893—Publication of Burbank's first book, New Creations, now out of print, which revolutionized plant breeding and gave horticulture a new meaning. This contained announcement of numerous new fruits and flowers, some of them wonderful as freaks, others for their sterling qualities and beauty.

1894—Appearance of second edition of New Creations (also out of print); production of Prolific and Doris plums, Giant and Heney prunes; Humboldt and Humboldt Paradox blackberry-raspberries, numerous lilies—"more varieties," the author says, "than are elsewhere in all the earth."

In the same year a climatis was announced, "a new race, growing as vigorously as hop vines;" also hybrid wax myrtles, new callas, Snowflake and Fragrance and seedlings of Pynes Japonica.

1895—Formal introduction of Giant and Wickson plums and of the famous Iceberg blackberry—a luscious fruit, almost perfectly transparent.

1895—Introduction to the general trade of the Giant prunes and the America Chalco and Apple plums, also the new roses, Santa Rosa and Fragrance, and three Japan seeding chestnuts, Coe, McFarland and Hale.

1799—Advent of the distinguished Climax Sultan, Bartlett and Shiro plums, the Sugar prune and Pineapple quince.

1900—Sudden popularity of the Sugar prune and the appearance of a winter apple, Gravenstein type, two new hybrid plums, an Oriental poppy, clematic and Canna.

1901—Publication of supplement to "New Creations," with announcement of the new crossbred peach, Opulent; the apple, Winterstein; two new plums, Combination and First, the latter so named, the author states, because it is the earliest of all plums, ripening in California June 15; stoneless prunes; improved peach plums, and, most talked about of all, Plumcot, the cross between the plum and apricot. There also appeared the asparagus, Quality, the verbena, Elegance; hybrids of the Mexican tiger or shell flower; the rose Coquito, and the wonderful Shasta daisy.

1902—Appearance of the Mayward plum; announcement that the chrysanthemum daisy, which is to excel the Shasta, is nearing perfection.

1904—Dawn of the improved daisies, Alaska and California and Westralia; new potatoes of a deep yellow, most agreeable to the palate; experiments are begun with grasses for lawns and prove der. In this year the cactus received much attention. Some of the guests, dining on the roots of that porcupine-like plant, found "a dish more delicious than cooked bananas." But the banana flavor is not the only one which Burbank has given to the cactus.

Among the most notable of Burbank's achievements during the later years are the Shirley poppy, the California wind poppy, the Patagonia, a new variety of squash, and the spineless cactus. Regarding this cactus Mr. Burbank says: "It will be more easily grown than potatoes. It will produce 200 tons of forage to the acre, and should mean everything in the development of desert fields."

JOHN W. CRAWFORD

Please give a short sketch of Capt. John W. Crawford.—J. A. M., Piney Creek, Pa.

John Wallace Crawford was born in County Donegal, Ireland, March 4, 1847. He came to the United States during his boyhood. Later, he ran away from home to enlist in the army, but was refused on account of his youth. He was finally accepted by a Pennsylvania regiment. While engaged in fighting Crawford was wounded severely. While in the hospital he was taught to read and write by a Sister of Charity. After the war he went west where he became a scout in the service of the government. Crawford served under General Crook in the Sitting Bull campaign, and in 1876 he was appointed chief of scouts. He was also engaged in campaigns against the Apaches in New Mexico. In 1886 he retired from army life and became a miner and ranchman in New Mexico for a number of years, after which he went to the Klondike in 1898 where he remained two winters. He is now on the lecture platform.

SEVEN WONDERS OF WORLD

Please name the seven wonders of the world and tell where the leaning tower of Pisa is located.—M. H. G., Dansville, N. Y.

The seven wonders of the world are remarkable for their splendor and magnitude. They are the pyramids of Egypt, the walls and hanging gardens of Babylon, the temple of Diana at Ephesus, the statue of the Olympian Jupiter at Athens, the Mausoleum, the Colossus of Rhodes and the Pharos or lighthouse of Alexandria. The leaning tower of Pisa is not one of these wonders. It is located in Pisa, Italy.

CHARLIE ROSS

Please tell what you know concerning the abduction of Charlie Ross.—E. O. S., Evansport, O.

Charlie Ross was kidnaped in Philadelphia many years ago. It has always been supposed that he was never found, although rumors to the effect that he is alive from time to time become current. At one time he was thought to be living in Galveston, that he had changed his name and was employed by a railroad. One person has claimed that at one time he went to Philadelphia and saw his brother, who would not recognize him, stating that he was an impostor. His mother would not permit him to enter the house. Little credit is given to these stories and it is generally considered that he died.

MUSHROOMS

Is there a demand for mushrooms in the different cities, and what prices do they generally bring? Also please tell something concerning their culture.—J. F. S., Mt. Pleasant, O.

There is a market for mushrooms in the cities. They bring various prices. Mushroom growing for the market is very profitable, if properly managed. Those having greenhouses can grow this delicious vegetable under the benches to advantage in the summer season. It will do well in cellars where the temperature can be kept at about 50 or 60. This should be kept as even as possible to secure best results. Collect a lot of fresh horse manure, rejecting the coarser portions of it. Spread it out, to prevent premature heating, and fork it over several times, at intervals of a few days, before using it. Make the beds about eighteen inches deep, three or four feet wide. Pound the manure down well. Let it ferment thoroughly before spawning it. Test its temperature with a reliable thermometer, by inserting the instrument in the soil and leaving it there until the full temperature of the bed is registered. When it indicates 80 or 90 degrees, sow your spawn, which should be of the best, and which can be procured of nearly all seedsmen or florists in the larger towns. Break it and put it two inches under the surface and about six or eight inches apart. After about a week's time cover the bed with two inches of fine loam and wait for results.

GALILEO

Please publish a short sketch of Galileo.—N. G., Uhrichsville, O.

Galileo was born February 14, 1564, and died January 8, 1642. His father was a nobleman of Florence and caused him to be instructed in the ancient languages, drawing and music, but he very early showed an inclination to mechanical labors. In 1581 he entered the University of Pisa to attend lectures on medicine and philosophy. He did not take a degree at the university. Galileo soon turned his attention to the study of mathematics and natural science, and in 1589 was made professor of mathematics in the University of Pisa. Six years before that he had discovered the isochronism of the pendulum, and in 1586 the hydrostatic balance. He also discovered that weight has no influence on the velocities of falling bodies, which excited the opposition of the adherents of Aristotle to such a degree, that after two years he was forced to resign his professorship. He then taught at Padua. It is also said by some authorities that Galileo invented the thermometer. In 1609 he invented the telescope with which he made many interesting discoveries, observed Jupiter's satellites and Saturn's ring. He declared himself in favor of the Copernican system in his work on the sun's spots and was therefore denounced as a heretic by his enemies. His writings and utterances caused the monks to preach against him, and in 1616 he found himself obliged to go to Rome, where he is said to have pledged himself to abstain in the future from promulgating his system, either orally or otherwise. He soon completed his work defending his views and obtained permission to publish it, but a congregation of cardinals, monks and mathematicians examined and condemned it as highly dangerous, and summoned him before the tribunal of the inquisition. In 1633 Galileo was compelled to renounce, in the presence of a large assemblage, the great truths he had discovered. He was then sentenced to the dungeons of the inquisition for an indefinite time, and every week for three years, was to repeat the seven penitential psalms of David, but his sentence was commuted by the judges. During his last years he was blind and deaf.

THE FIRST ELECTION

The United States constitution says that the persons having the greatest number of electoral votes, if a majority, should be chosen President and the person having the next highest number Vice President. This was for a few elections only. George Washington was elected unanimously as President, according to all historians, and also, John Adams receiving the next highest number of votes was elected Vice President. If Washington was elected unanimously how could another candidate receive even one vote?—E. C. J., Norwalk, O.

George Washington received 69 electoral votes for President and John Adams 34 for Vice President. Only 69 votes were cast and as Washington received these he must have been unanimously elected. At that election, which was in 1789, Washington was the only candidate for President, so the President and Vice President were voted on separately. The same occurred in the following election. All the electors cast their votes for President, and then another ballot for Vice President was taken.

MISCELLANEOUS

A. D., West Chazy, N. Y.: Scotland, England, France and Wales each claim to be the birthplace of St. Patrick.

E. S., Coal City, Ind.: In 1893 Easter came on April 2.

A. Q. K., Bradford, Vt.: We published all we know about wireless telegraphy a few weeks ago.

H. C., Silver Hill, W. Va.: We cannot reprint the speech you want.

P. C., Wolverine, Mich.: We would advise you to read Scott's Lady of the Lake and prepare your own sketch of the principal characters. The Bureau editor cannot find time to do it for you.

M. S., Spencer, W. Va.: At the time of the earthquake various articles appeared in the news columns of The Blade telling all about it. We can tell nothing more.

W. W. R., Strawn, Pa.: You have something on us. We have never heard of the death trap you inquire about.

R. S. B., Morris, Pa.: We can give no information concerning a republic named Acre.

R. E. P., Moundsville, W. Va.: The longest tunnel in the world is the Simplon, it being 12.4 miles in length.

B. W., Chipley, Fla.: Sherlock Holmes is a fictitious character.

M. G. B., Elkhart, Ind.: Abraham Lincoln had three children, Robert Todd, William and Thomas. Robert Todd Lincoln is still living.

S. P. G., Ramey, Minn.: The Suez canal was opened November 17, 1869, cost about $80,000,000, and is 100 miles long.

E. E. B., Flag Pond, Tenn.: Write to the interior department, Washington, D. C.

E. C. G., Lexington, Ky.: Oklahoma was admitted to the union November 16, 1907.

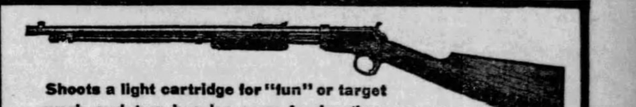
R. E. M., Coles Store, N. C.: Colored people are allowed to vote in the north.

M. L., Prattville, Mich.: We cannot answer your question concerning alkali in soils.

WINCHESTER

MODEL 1906 .22 CALIBER

Extra Light Weight Repeating Rifle



Shoots a light cartridge for "fun" or target work and two heavier ones for hunting.

This rifle handles .22 Short, .22 Long or .22 Long Rifle cartridges without change of adjustment. It's a take-down and a very handy, all-around small caliber repeater. Examine one and you'll agree that it's the biggest rifle value ever offered.

ASK YOUR DEALER TO SHOW YOU ONE.

Rider Agents Wanted

in each town to ride and exhibit sample 1909 model. *Write for Special Offer.* Finest Guaranteed 1909 Models $10 to $27 with Coaster-Brakes and Puncture-Proof tires. 1907 & 1908 Models all of best makes $7 to $12

500 Second-Hand Wheels *All makes and models,* $3 to $8

Great Factory Clearing Sale. We *Ship On Approval* *without a cent deposit, pay the freight* and allow TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Tires, coaster-brakes, parts, repairs and sundries, half usual prices. Do not buy till you get our catalogs and offer. *Write now.*

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MISCELLANEOUS.

TOBACCO HABIT CURED or no cost: safe, sure, permanent. Ni Ko Co., Witchita, Kansas.

BICYCLE TIRES—Something new. Non-skid Cushion Tread. Puncture Proof. Self-Healing. Tires $1.50. Bicycles $18.00. Brosius & Brosius, Fort Wayne, Ind.

MALE HELP WANTED.

Wanted! Young Men! Railroad! Brakemen, Baggagemen, Electric Motormen, Conductors. Experience unnecessary. Instruction by Mail. Application blank and book for stamp. I. Railway, C. I., No. 29, Indianapolis, Ind.

WANTED—Railway mail clerks, custom house clerks. Examinations everywhere May 15th. Yearly salary $800 to $1,600. Short hours. Annual vacation. No "layoffs." Over 2,000 appointments to be made during 1909. Country residents eligible. Common education sufficient. Candidates prepared free. Write immediately for schedule. Franklin Institute, Dept. E 40, Rochester, N. Y.

MEDICAL.

Ladies Dr. LaFranco's Compound, Safe speedy regulator; 25 cents. Druggists or mail. Booklet free. Dr. LaFRANCO, Philadelphia, Pa.

FEMALE HELP WANTED.

LADIES $24.00 cash for a few days' work. Beautiful dinner set free as an extra premium. Oscar Lee, 1237 Cornell ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

Mrs. Cora B. Miller Gives a Fortune

She Will Spend $50,000 in Giving Medical Treatment Absolutely Free to Suffering Women.

Will Be Sent to Every Woman Who Is Ailing.

A Million Women Bless Her Name

Grateful Letters From All Over the World Tell of Wonderful Cures With Mrs. Miller's Mild Home Treatment.

Over a million women have already accepted Mrs. Miller's generous offer to give free to every sufferer a regular treatment of her mild home remedy. From every civilized country come thousands upon thousands of kind, grateful letters from ladies whose hearts overflow with gratitude because this pleasant vegetable remedy has restored them to old-time health and strength.

Mrs. Francis M. Harris, of Dover, La., writes: "I feel like a new woman and can do my work without having that old, tired feeling. I am happy to know that I am well again."

"It has relieved me of my constant suffering and I have not words to express my gladness. It was surely a Godsend for me, and I thank Him that there is such a wonderful medicine on earth for suffering women."—Mrs. Carrie Bailey, Pinkneyville, Ala.

Mrs. Miller's remedy is the surest in the world. She asks no one to take her word, but only wants to prove it to any sufferer. Mail the coupon if you are a sufferer from any female complaint to Mrs. Cora B. Miller, Kokomo, Ind. Prove for yourself at Mrs. Miller's expense that this marvelous remedy should cure you. Do not delay; send the coupon now.

There Is Some One Near You Cured by Mrs. Miller.

There is hardly a country, city, town or village in which there does not reside some grateful lady who has been relieved after years of suffering and permanently cured by Mrs. Miller's mild home treatment, even after doctors and physicians failed. No matter where you live, she can refer you to ladies in your own locality who can and will tell any sufferer that this marvelous remedy really cures women.

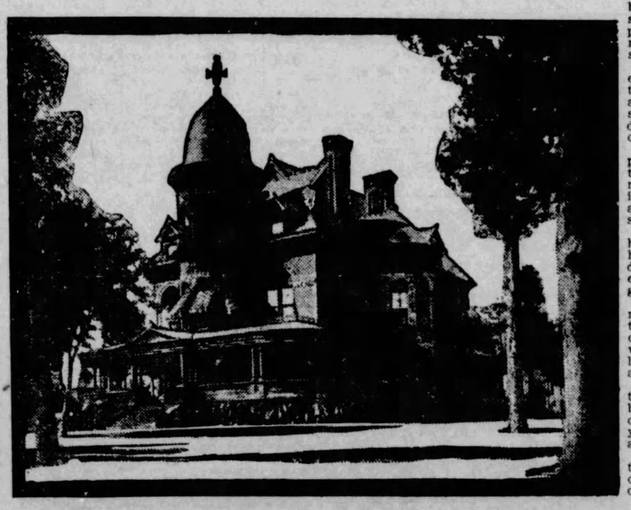
Only bear this in mind. Her offer will not last long, for thousands and thousands of women who are suffering will take advantage of this generous means of getting cured. So if you are ailing, do not suffer another day, but send the free coupon to Mrs. Miller without another day's delay.

Send No Money. Just Your Name and Address, If You Are a Sufferer From Any Woman's Disease or Piles.

In the past few years Mrs. Miller has given $125,000.00 in sending medicine to afflicted women.

Several years ago Mrs. Miller learned of a mild and simple preparation that cured herself and several friends of female weakness and piles. She was besieged by so many women needing treatment that she decided to furnish it to those who might call for it. She started with only a few dollars capital, and the remedy, possessing true and wonderful merit, producing many cures when doctors and other remedies failed, the demand grew so rapidly she was several times compelled to seek larger quarters. She now occupies one of the city's largest office buildings, which she owns, and almost one hundred lady clerks and stenographers are required to assist in this great business.

Some time ago it was announced that she would give to women who suffered from female diseases another $10,000.00 worth of her medicine. She has fulfilled this promise, but as she is still receiving requests from thousands upon thousands of women from all parts of the world, who have not yet used her remedy, she has decided to give away $50,000.00 more to those who are suffering and unable to find relief.



Mrs. Miller's Home. From Here She Directs the Distribution of Her Medicine to Those Who Suffer.

Mrs. Miller's wonderful remedy is especially prepared for the speedy and permanent cure of leucorrhea or whitish discharges, ulceration, displacements or falling of the womb, profuse, scanty or painful periods, uterine or ovarian tumors or growths; also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness and piles from any cause or no matter of how long standing.

Every woman sufferer, unable to find relief, who will write Mrs. Miller now, without delay, will receive by mail free of charge, a 50-cent box of her simple home remedy, also her book with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer and how they can easily cure themselves at home without the aid of a physician.

All that is necessary is to cut out the coupon at the bottom of this page, fill in your name and address and send it to Mrs. Miller, Kokomo, Ind. The medicine and book will be sent to you at once. Send now before the $50,000.00 worth is all gone.

How to Cure Any Case of Piles.

I want to tell you flatly and plainly that any woman, or man either, for that matter, who suffers from any form of piles, may place their faith absolutely in my treatment. They won't be disappointed. It's intended for piles as well as the diseases peculiar to women. It heals diseased membrane surfaces, no matter where located, and I verily believe that this remedy has cured more bad cases of piles of all kinds than all the so-called "pile cures" and doctors in the country. A cure with my remedy is speedy. It's safe and it's lasting. The intense torture, the burning, smarting and itching stop at once and you feel better right from the start. Send for my free treatment at once and see for yourself.

Why Men Desert Their Wives

Eighty Per Cent of the Wife Desertions and Divorce Due to Female Weakness.

I should have taken better care of myself, I suppose. I was sick and suffering. No one but a woman can ever know how I suffered. I was irritable. I couldn't be to my husband the wife I ought to have been. He, being a man, couldn't understand. We drifted apart. He sought his pleasures elsewhere. Finally there was nothing but the divorce court that could settle our differences.

That's the sad story that eight out of every ten women who have passed through the ordeal of the divorce court, as well as the countless thousands of deserted wives who are not divorced, know deep down in her heart was the real cause of her trouble.

A sick wife, a neglected home, and the publicity and disgrace of the court room to end it all. There wouldn't be half as much talk of the divorce evil in the world if only every wife and mother would realize her duty to preserve her health and strength.

No woman has the right to expect her husband to devote his leisure hours to his home and her when she is leading a dragged-out, hopeless, down-in-the-mouth existence that would discourage the greatest optimist on earth.

Mrs. Cora B. Miller's marvelous home remedy has done more to prevent divorce than all the messages to congress and conventions in the world. The woman who is bright and cheerful and well has a home that reflects her own good feeling and discontent finds no place therein.

Mrs. Miller's aid and advice is as free to you as God's sunshine or the air you breathe. She wants to prove to you her common-sense home treatment will cure you just as surely as it cured her years ago in her humble cottage.

If you are a sufferer from any female trouble, no matter what it is, send the coupon below to Mrs. Cora B. Miller at once.

Put Your Faith in Mrs. Miller

My word that my home treatment should unfailingly relieve you of female diseases or piles doesn't necessarily mean anything. But when my word and medicine is backed up by over a million ladies, that's evidence you cannot doubt. There is hardly a county or small village in the land that does not number some poor sufferer cured. I didn't force them to use my medicine. They took it of their own free will and it cured them. You can put your faith in that sort of a remedy every time. Just cut out the coupon, send it today and prove what this marvelous treatment will do for you.

This Noted Divine Says:

"I am personally acquainted with Mrs. Cora B. Miller, and most cheerfully and voluntarily testify that myself and family have been greatly benefited by the use of Mrs. Miller's home remedies and heartily recommend them to the general public."—Rev. P. G. Roscamp, D. D., Presbyterian Minister.

Do not delay. Send the coupon today.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON.

This Coupon is good for a full sized regular 50-cent package of Mrs. Miller's Mild Home Treatment. Just fill in your name and address on dotted lines below and mail at once to Mrs. Cora B. Miller, 7311 Miller Bldg., Kokomo, Ind., and you will receive the remedy in plain package at once.

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JIMMY of the ROOF.

BY ELIZABETH AYRES

HIGH in the air, in the top floor of a lofty office building, lived little Jimmy. The building was not so high as some of its towering neighbors, but its height was too great for Jimmy to see the street unless he leaned out of the window, and then the moving throng below seemed made up of dwarfed people.

Jimmy did not care to go down to the street very often. He did not like the rush and roar and the clamor of the big city. He always held tightly to his mother's hand when she took him into the street, and he was glad to be at home again, far above the noise and confusion.

Probably Jimmy's lameness made him timid. He was not very strong, and there was something wrong with one of his feet, but the doctor said it could be made well and as good as the other, when he was older and stronger. Until that time, Jimmy had to walk with a crutch and this made him shy of strangers. He did not know very much about other children, as he was the only child of his father and mother. He had been born in the rooms under the roof, and he had stayed there most of the six years of his life.

His mother was country bred, and, like Jimmy, she shrank from the city and did not go into its streets very often. She had no intimate acquaintances, but she seemed happy and contented with her home and Jimmy and his father. She sang when she worked, and this is a pretty sure sign that a woman is happy. Their rooms were comfortable and sunshiny, and were near a short flight of stairs leading to the roof, which was a favorite place with Jimmy and his mother in the summer.

In a sheltered corner, Jimmy's father, Ralph Laird, had fixed an awning which could be drawn back when the sun was gone, and he had turned the sheltered corner into the semblance of a garden with oleander trees growing in green painted boxes, and green boxes held the soil for the climbing vines and flowering plants that made the corner a beauty spot from early summer until late autumn weather. Jimmy's father had the hand for flowers, and whatever he planted and tended thrived and blossomed. He, too, was country born, and while he had lived for many years in the city he never lost his love for the green of the earth and he always managed to have a bit of it around him.

Ralph was several years older than his wife, Sylvia, but he had known her all of her life, having come from the village where she was born. Though a much younger man, he was a friend of her father and had been in the habit of staying at his home when he visited the country.

When Sylvia was in her nineteenth year she was bereft of her father and mother. Ralph went to her in her sorrow, and she, frightened by being alone in the world, clung to him and begged him to stay. Ralph had not thought of marriage before, but, under the circumstances, it seemed natural that he should marry Sylvia. Her helplessness filled him with pity. She was without near relatives and needed his protection, and the best protection he could give her was marriage.

It was not difficult to persuade Sylvia. She was used to Ralph and there was none whom she held dearer. Their marriage was quickly arranged, but before it took place Ralph's pity changed to love and he loved Sylvia with the strength of a man who has not frittered away his affections. After they were married they went to live in the rooms close to the roof of the office building where Ralph was employed as electrician. They were happy together from the beginning and their happiness was increased by the coming of little Jimmy. It was a grief to them when they discovered he was lame, but the assurance that his lameness could be cured gave them hope and consolation.

Jimmy was never any trouble. He was a quiet child and as his mind developed he was filled with quaint fancies. He loved the lights that came with the night. In winter, from their high windows, he looked down on the city, watching the magic of its illumination. In the summer, up in their roof garden and cradled in his father's strong arms, he looked up at the bright, eternal stars and fancied they were God's windows through which the lights of heaven were shining.

"The lights are lit in God's windows, mother," he said. "God's keeping watch tonight."

The years dealt kindly with Sylvia, and she retained the sylvan loveliness of her girlhood. It was a loveliness that made her seem like a spirit of the woods and fields. Nothing came to mar her. She was protected from life's storms and passions by Ralph's gentle, tender care, and when he was absent, little Jimmy gave her all the companionship she needed.

It was a sequestered life for so young a woman, but she had never known anything save quiet, and was contented to remain untouched by the world. She was unawakened; unaware of deep emotion.

One summer afternoon Sylvia and her boy were up in their garden. It had reached a luxuriant growth and the plants were all abloom in a glowing mass of color. The roar of the city was softened at this height to a distant hum that sounded like bees droning. Sylvia was sewing, and Jimmy was sitting at her feet, telling her one of his fanciful tales, filled with strange and wonderful happenings. Their quiet was disturbed by the sound of some one ascending the stairs. Visitors seldom came there, and Sylvia's eyes turned in the direction of the sound inquiringly. She saw a young man coming toward her, and smiling.

"Why, Sylvia," he greeted, holding out his hand, "why Sylvia!"

She looked puzzled at first, then her eyes widened with surprise and recognition.

"Why, Robert," she returned, unconsciously echoing his greeting, "Why, Robert!"

Their hands met and clasped. There was a pause of embarrassment until Sylvia thought to ask him to sit down.

"This is my little boy, Jimmy," she explained, bending to the child to caress his soft hair. "His name is James, after my father, but someway he always gets called Jimmy."

Robert, with a quick, pitying glance at the crutch lying close by the boy, acknowledged the introduction gravely.

"How do you do, Jimmy?" he inquired, shaking hands with the child in a man to man fashion.

"I am very well," Jimmy returned, sedately, staring at Robert with the steady, estimating stare of childhood.

"It's a pretty nice place you have up here," Robert remarked, looking about him admiringly.

"It's the nicest place there is," Jimmy declared.

Sylvia had seen the young man's pity for Jimmy's lameness, and said in a low voice, "he can be cured when he's older and stronger."

"I'm glad of that," Robert answered, matching his voice to hers. In spite of their low tones, Jimmy heard.

"Yes," he put in, nodding his head wisely, "I can be cured when I'm older and stronger."

He crooned the words over and over, while his mother and Robert engaged in a conversation that was without interest to Jimmy.

"Do you remember?" entered it frequently, and Sylvia's color deepened while Robert recalled incidents which had occurred when they were boy and girl together.

"I expected to find you in the old place, but they told me you were married and had moved to the city. It didn't take me long to get here after I found out where you had gone. I was disappointed, Sylvia. I wanted you to be down home." His tones held a hint of reproach.

"I couldn't be there, Robert; you know I couldn't, now that I'm married to Ralph," Sylvia protested.

"No, I suppose not," Robert agreed, but in a voice that showed he felt injured.

Sylvia was troubled. She was remembering how they had parted when she was sixteen and Robert was twenty. He was going away to make money so that he might marry Sylvia. He should be back in a short time. Money-making was an easy matter if you went at it right, he boasted, and he knew he should be successful. Meantime, Sylvia was to wait and not even to look at "another fellow." He demanded this of her in a masterful manner, which thrilled Slyvia.

It was only a boy and girl affair which separation ended. Robert wrote a few letters, but they were soon discontinued, and Sylvia had not heard from him for more than two years when she and Ralph were married. She had really forgotten Robert, until his sudden appearance brought back to her mind the days when they fancied they were lovers. Sylvia looked at the matter more seriously now, and feared she had wronged Robert. She did not regret her marriage with Ralph; she was too happy with him for regrets, but she thought Robert's manner implied she had wronged him, and the thought was disturbing. It made her kinder to him than she intended, and he came often to see her. Sometimes Ralph was there, but he was much occupied with a piece of electrical machinery upon which he was working, and was frequently absent.

Robert did not feel himself so deeply wronged as Sylvia imagined. When he returned to the home of his boyhood, his first thought was of Sylvia and he wanted to see her, and when he learned she was married and gone, he wanted to see her more than ever. She seemed so little changed by the years that had lapsed, that he could scarcely connect her with Ralph and little Jimmy. She still remained to him the same girl as of old, except that she had grown lovelier.

She was not quite happy about Robert's frequent visits, but to all appearances, Ralph did not see in them anything out of the ordinary, so she permitted them to continue. Robert was only drifting. He knew the day wherein he did not see Sylvia was empty. He should be going away soon, he thought, and might never again see her, meantime there could no possible harm come from his being with her and little Jimmy. When he came in the evening, he went directly to the roof garden, where he was always sure of finding the boy and Sylvia, unless it was storming.

It happened there was a succession of stormy days one week, much to Jimmy's dissatisfaction, and they were forced to desert the garden. When the wind and rain were over, they left behind them a clouded sky, which Jimmy's father assured him would soon be clearing. The child was lonesome for the stars and insisted upon going to the roof to watch for their coming. One evening he coaxed his mother to go with him before the daylight had faded. The clouds were sagging low from the sky, but presently they began to break and go drifting away, leaving here and there a patch of blue showing.

"It's clearing, mother, there'll be stars tonight," Jimmy shouted, happily.

The child and Sylvia sat together, watching the wonder of the heavens, until Sylvia, feeling the chill of the evening, left him alone while she went to get a wrap. At the head of the stairs she met

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1909.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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Indiana will soon be dry enough to look like Ohio's long-lost brother.

There isn't much more to be said about the new spring millinery.

Some men achieve greatness, and a few become the father of a tariff bill.

It is with kidnaping as with other things, a man can't drink and make a success of it.

Within a hundred miles of the South Pole? That is closer than many a man would care to get.

While the house rules have been slightly changed, Speaker Cannon remains about the same.

Naturally a jury that cannot read is not expected to know a great deal about the unwritten law.

The man who pretends not to know anything about the tariff must be getting pretty lonesome by this time.

An Alabama man says that he has sworn off kissing because he is afraid of germs. That may do to tell his wife.

There is more or less curiosity to know what the minister who has denounced church suppers found in his soup.

It is alleged that somebody has invented a machine that will enable a man to darn his own socks. No poetry in that.

While others aboard the steamship Hamburg were sick the ex-president merely lost his appetite. More Roosevelt luck.

"God and destiny call me back to Venezuela," says Castro. If he is wise Castro will pass up the call and listen to his wife.

Castro may now be classed among the most severe critics of the United States, including those who reside here and refuse to go away.

A woman whose waist measured five yards around recently died in England. She never drank, smoked or read the fashion journals.

Another universal language, called Ro, has been invented. The name looks as if it might have been furnished by the spelling reformers.

An English scientist declares the Chinese had automobiles one thousand years ago. Why didn't he make it three thousand, while he was at it?

It will be some time before Mr. Roosevelt will be able to enjoy the sensation of getting up in the morning without finding himself famous.

"President Taft is not filling much space in the newspapers just now," says the Cleveland Leader. But there is no room-to-let sign on the presidential chair.

If the women are ever supplied with those new machines for the detection of liars, the safest plan will be for the married men to remain at home nights.

Even the man who is precipitant in other things will think twice before he resigns a good political office to accept a position in which he is required to work.

The women have been aroused against the proposed tariff on stockings, but they have not gone to the extreme of threatening to attend to their own knitting.

Doubtless there are many persons who imagine they could have gone through with the Whitla kidnaping job much more successfully than those engaged in the enterprise.

As might have been expected, as soon as it was reported that President Taft's chair had broken down under him, there were thousands of people ready to declare, "I told you so."

Notwithstanding Castro imagines he has a call to return to Venezuela, he isn't foolish enough to think he is going to be welcomed to the old home with any fatted calf festivities.

Mrs. Hetty Green acknowledges that she is the loneliest woman in the world. While it is said money talks, hers does not sit up at night and entertain her with amusing stories.

Mrs. Hetty Green declares that she doesn't need any help in minding her own business. People whose chief joy in life is giving advice to others will regard Mrs. Green as a very rude person.

A Minnesota legislative committee has favorably reported a bill making it a misdemeanor for a chorus girl to appear in red, white and blue tights. Long may the Minnesota legislature wave.

The bee sting as a remedy for rheumatism is being revived. But if the bee sting is good, why wouldn't the sting of a yellow jacket, which is several horsepower stronger, be still better?

Says Emperor Wilhelm: "Among the sixty million Germans there are seventy million opinions." That is a surprising statement, when we stop to consider that all the emperor's people think in the same language.

A southern woman went into court and secured an injunction to keep her next-door neighbor's chickens out of her garden. After she has given it a thorough test the public may be interested to know how it works.

FARTHEST NORTH AND SOUTH.

Unless Lieutenant Peary succeeds in reaching the North Pole while upon his present expedition the chances are that the South Pole will have been visited first. Three other expeditions are now in the Arctic regions, but their plans are more or less chimerical and geographers have little faith than anyone will approach the pole nearer than any previous explorer.

While Lieutenant Shackleton failed after suffering terribly from the storms which prevail almost without cessation in the Antarctic, he came within 111 miles of the goal. Others will be stimulated to attempt to cover those remaining miles. The character of the region in which the South Pole is located is now known with reasonable certainty, a distinct advantage over the present knoweldge of the "farthest north," a few explorers contending they have met with signs which indicate the presence of land about the pole, while others are equally as convinced that there can be nothing except an ice-covered sea.

Peary, who is now wintering in Grant Land, about 500 miles from the pole, will make his first dash this summer As he is provisioned for three years he counts upon remaining in the north until the fall of 1910, unless he gains the pole earlier.

IMMIGRATION AND BUSINESS.

The tide of immigration is setting in strong again. Improvement in industrial conditions in the United States is causing a decided reaction from the movement in 1908 when 30,862 more foreigners departed than entered the country.

The statistics for February show the immigration to have been 67,154, an increase of 49,773 over February of 1908. Italy was most largely represented, the number native to that country being 20,294. Hungary was next with 12,350. From Austria come 10,377; from Russia and Finland 8,857. A showing that ought to reassure the Pacific coast was 194 Japanese immigrants last month as compared with 1,232 in February, 1908.

The movement of immigration has long been taken as a fairly good index of the state of business and the chances for labor employment. The sharp contrast in the statistics of February, 1908, and the same month of this year gives some clue to the improvement gained in the course of a year.

WASTE.

Is the tariff bill to be principally an occasion for the test of rival lung powers? Sereno Payne, the author of the measure, talks for three hours and a half in favor of it. Then Champ Clark, as if to show that no member of the hated majority could shown him tricks with vocal chords, shouts for more than five hours.

All this racket, this gesturing and heavy frowning, is a part of the tradition of the tariff. It was ever thus, as the poet says. Gentlemen, with a speaking equipment that sounded like a hurry-up repair job in a machine shop, rasped out their arguments for the customs bill in hand. Then the leaders of the opposition rose to their feet, smoothed down their frock coats and opened up a bombardment on the act with rhetoric, metaphor, hyperbole and tooth wash.

But the whole business is about as useless as the tooting of an Erie foghorn in midwinter. It clinches the convictions of no wavering representative. It marks advance only in so far as when it is over the house can proceed about the real work, taking up the schedules one at a time, getting at their meaning, figuring their revenues and their values as protection and voting upon them. The eloquence is, every bit of it, waste—costly waste at that, since it is published in the Congressional Record, and that means printing bills.

CANDIDATES FOR BONEYARD.

Naval talk the world over is all of Dreadnoughts, more and mightier Dreadnoughts, tonnage climbing, gun calibre increasing and general appearance as grim and cruel and deadly as ship designers can manage. Two nations of Europe are struggling with each other for the supremacy of the seas, measuring in terms of Dreadnoughts. America has her monsters in the slips and a retired admiral stumps the country to win public favor and public demand for still more such vessels.

The Dreadnought is a fearful engine of war. She carries an armament more threatening, more terrifying, than any other ship so far floated. She is naval engineering developed to an exact science. But if you consider the Dreadnought type properly it is a vessel of defense, a coast battery that can move about, a great sheet of armor around a few large guns. The battleship can be sent to the bottom by the first torpedo she strikes. Her hull can be pierced by the explosive fired from a puny submarine. A score of torpedo boats, if manned with crews as reckless as the sacrifice scouts familiar to land warfare, with some slight advantage of darkness or fog, would have excellent chances of sinking a Dreadnought, however powerful. Still better would be the opportunities for success with the boats invented by Hudson Maxim, incredibly swift, low-lying, burning a special fuel and carrying only two or three desperate men.

The Dreadnoughts cannot live. They are too costly. Loss in storm, in battle, by grounding or wreck, would mean millions gone forever. Their building now is a drain upon governmental treasuries. Their destruction in war, if faith were all in them, would be nothing except national calamity.

The naval ship of the future will be small rather than heavy. Speed will be a first essential, then the ability to strike a swift, murderous blow, harrying shipping, engaging fleets—risking all.

WATER POWER.

One of the important movements for investment in the next decade will be the acquirement of water rights. The increasing cost of fuel and the call for greater economies in production have turned the attention of factory owners and light-makers to the comparatively low price of water power.

The revival of interest in the potential wealth of American streams is indicated in the report of the census bureau, issued for the year 1907. The electric energy generated by water power increased 207.3 per cent in five years, while that produced by steam and gas engines increased only 92.8 per cent. The action of President Roosevelt in vetoing the bill granting perpetual rights to the use of the James river, in Missouri, meant solely that the executive branch of the government was alive to the new direction of capital. Mr. Roosevelt, at the time, made the statement that evidence in the possession of the bureau of corporations showed thirteen companies controlled 33 per cent of the developed water power of the United States.

Possibly attempts will be made before long to utilize the now wasted power of the Maumee river, which has on two or three occasions been somewhat mysteriously surveyed for the purpose, and local interests may see fit to use the power pouring through the weirs of the Miami and Erie canal, only partially taken advantage of by a few antiquated mills.

AVOIDING STRIKES.

The advocates of forced arbitration in trades' disputes gain nothing except relief for overcharged minds and exercise for their lungs. Such a law would be against American principles which define fairly well the liberty of individual and institution. The cure for strikes and lockouts must be found in agreements between employer and employed wherein respect is paid for each other's claims to rights and wherein the contract once signed shall be as inviolable as a pilgrim's vow.

The nearest approach so far to the perfect understanding between capital and labor is an agreement recently entered into in Great Britain, the Shipbuilding Employers' Federation on one side and twenty-six trades' unions on the other. It is agreed that:

All disputes shall be taken before conferences in which employers and representatives of the twenty-six unions shall be represented.

No strike or lockout shall be declared until every means of conciliation shall have been exhausted in joint conference.

The whole interest of the unions will be involved in case of a strike.

An employer breaking any part of the agreement as relates to an individual union will be at war with all of the twenty-six unions.

Neither side is to ask for a change of the scale of wages at shorter periods than six months.

Before a demand for a wage change is made there must be a conference between the two sides.

The agreement is to continue in force for three years and shall thereafter be subject to six months' notice on either side.

The extreme costliness of strikes and lockouts is being borne in upon both capital and labor. The tendency will be, undoubtedly, to avoid these expensive disputes. The remedy appears most effective in cases of ironbound agreements, such as the one cited, whereby neither side gains advantage by wilful repudiation of word.

THE RECLAMATION WORK.

Those who have seen the arid plateaus of Wyoming, Idaho, Arizona and Nevada, who have breathed the alkaline dust and been depressed by the gray weariness of sage brush and barren rock, will have the greatest difficulty of all persons to realize the alteration of that dismal land into stretches of green fields, waving groves and prosperous looking farmsteads.

Yet this is exactly what the reclamation service is doing. Before the year is closed the huge Roosevelt dam in Arizona will be completed and the water will be running through the Gunnison tunnel, the two most daring irrigation enterprises ever attempted, not excepting the building of the Assouan dam in Egypt. Nearly a million acres will be made to yield grain and fruit and to give homes to a great farming population. Before the reclamation work is finished an empire will be added to the United States, a source of riches and revenue which can hardly be measured.

The irrigation projects undertaken by the federal government will in the end cost it nothing. They will be paid for in sales of land and water. The measure has hardly a parallel in benefits promised of any bill passed by congress since the purchase from France of the Louisiana territory.

WASTED MONEY.

The amount of money that is annually wasted in a rural district by the excessive costs of transportation would seem appalling if there were any way of acquiring accurate figures. Considering that less than 8 per cent of the roads of the United States are improved, the total yearly loss to farmers must rub elbows with the public debt.

The highway law of the state of Ohio has proved inadequate. It will prove hardly more practical with the appropriations available on January 1 next. The distribution per county will be about $5,000, an insignificant sum, considering the conditions of most of the roads of the state The sum might be used in a single stretch and still not be an extravagant outlay. The counties, with one or two inspiring exceptions, have been only half-hearted in the matter of bettering the highways. The time is approaching when, for the purposes of economy, for garnering the wealth that is in the soil, to protect the state against the competition of the west and the bonuses offered by realty enterprises, the commonwealth must adopt a feasible policy of road making, whatever the initial cost.

THE HUNTER.

Mr. Roosevelt sailed for Africa last week, armed with every deadly weapon, equipped with every modern convenience for the hunting field. If there is anything he has overlooked be sure an outfitting firm will have dispatched it to Mombasa with an urgent letter asking for a trial—and a note of commendation.

It is the wish of every American that the ex-president will have a great outing. There is one wish, though, for ourselves, for the greater number of Mr. Roosevelt's countrymen, we believe. This is that there will be few of those photographs showing the triumphant huntsman standing with foot upon the fallen game.

The love of shooting things is undoubtedly passing away in this country. Strong in the grandfather, a milder sport with the father, it is subdued and fading in the generation just matured. There is nothing over here like the customs in practice among Englishmen where pheasants are raised in captivity in order to provide a few days of slaughter each year, and otters are hunted by mobs of men and women and packs of dogs. Many men who formerly made annual journeys into the woods with rifles now carry cameras as substitutes. They find quite as much excitement in stalking a deer for its picture as they did for its life. There is need of patience, shrewdness, woodcraft and knowledge of the ways of wild things in hunting with camera as with firearms. And the results are fully as satisfactory. A snapshot, too, is a record, indisputable evidence, that defies all shrugging shoulders and doubting word.

There is benefit, of course, to the native population in killing off the lions and other beasts of prey, but the admirers of Mr. Roosevelt will think the more of him if he is temperate in ending the lives of elephant, giraffe, gazelle and zebra.

A WOMAN'S PLEA.

That peculiarly misdirected cult of hysteria, anti-vivisectionism, has gained an important recruit to its cause, Mrs. John Jacob Astor. She has appeared before a legislative committee in New York and lent her influence to the agitation against medical experimentation upon animals.

The Astor family owns more realty in Manhattan than any other individual estate. Enormous ground rent pours into the treasure chests, the income from great buildings and collections from row upon row, block upon block, of dark and noisome dwellings. In the dank quarters of narrow streets, where sunlight struggles to penetrate and the fresh, clean smell of God's pure air is a luxury, is the soil richest and sweetest for that deadly rod of microscopic vegetation, the baccillus of tuberculosis. There the germs of spotted fever multiply and claim their childhood victims. Upon the walls of sleeping rooms, in the stairways, in sweepings and area pools, are found the colonies of bacteria. With these, doctors experiment upon guinea pigs and rabbits, seeking new ways to battle with the deadly consumption, hunting for the serum which shall halt the screaming agony of the child afflicted with spinal meningitis.

Strange is humankind! A woman begs tearfully that the "needless torture"—so the anti-vivisectionists term it—of dumb brutes be made a crime against the state. And are there none to urge that "needless torture" of the human creatures of the tenements be made a crime?

A FARM HAND.

"Venomous and ugly," wrote Shakespeare of the toad. "The gardener's friend," says the latest bulletin of the Ohio Agricultural Experiment Station.

Centuries the aversion of the farmer, the superstition of the children, who credited him with a trick of causing warts, the object of cruelties and the simile for all that was detestable, the toad is about to enter upon his golden age. Scientific investigation has proved that this rascally looking creature has everything to commend him to humanity. He is the protector of the growing things, the terror of injurious insect life and altogether a fine friend to have in one's garden patch. That repulsive appearance is but nature's armor. It saves the toad from the birds and beasts of prey. The color of earth, he may hide in a plowed field. His bumpy and furrowed hide is proclamation to prowlers that he is exceedingly poor eating

Living, as he does, upon angle worms, snails, sowbugs, thousand-legged worms, spiders, ants, grasshoppers, crickets, cutworms, beetles and caterpillars, the toad should be encouraged to stay rather than be harried and barbarously slain

BETTER BUILDING.

The first fever of growth in America is over. The cities have been planted. The opportunities for shipping, distribution of merchandise and the concentration of the wealth from the country about have been seen and nearly all pre-empted. There will probably be no more mushroom towns except those deliberately located by enterprising industrial companies.

With the certainty of life the cities of the United States can depend upon a reasonable increase in population every year. They can look forward to a spreading of boundaries and a widening of their suburban influence. This gain for permanency is having a noticeable effect upon the character of the building operations. In business structures raised in the last few years there is a decided improvement in the architecture, a greater willingness to consider beauty as a part of the scheme, a use of finer materials. Apartment houses of a better sort are actually being built upon the sites of flimsy and dangerous tenements. The home-maker is bolder with his expenditures, more critical of wood, stone and brick and entertains more pride of possession.

The American cities of twenty years hence, at least the ones in the middle west, may have little resemblance to those of today.

MR. TAFT'S ECONOMY.

Words, according to the famous Irish bull, are of two kinds: one you speak and the other you leave unsaid.

Under the second definition comes the tariff message sent to congress by President Taft. It contained only 324 words and those not of peculiar or startling significance. The interesting part of the message were the words it contained—to invent an Irish bull of our own—which were left out. This was the way it hit the house of representatives and the senate. They listened respectfully to the reading of the message, the members sitting back in their chairs prepared to be patient as when one begins a long journey. When the three hundred and twenty-fourth word was spoken and the clerk ceased the house applauded loudly. In the senate laughter was mingled with cheers.

As much as the recently retired President is to be praised for his works and his energies, it must be admitted that he yet wanted a knowledge of the value of condensation. He was too saving of the blue pencil and too free with the typewriter. An idea to him meant all its veins, tips, spurs and variations. Like the young lawyer preparing a brief, there was a joy in writing all the "aforesaids" and "to wits." Messages from the executive mansion were highly interesting documents, but they tested the powers of congressmen to remain still, and cost many an hour in the newspaper offices in the labor of cutting them down to the point least straining to type and presses.

Mr. Taft's skill at mobilizing a small but efficient army of words is bound to prove one of his most useful economies.

REFORMING THE NOSE.

Noses repaired while you wait. The adaptation is ours. The man who repairs, reforms, or, as he himself would state it, corrects nasal aberrations, is Dr. Jaques Joseph, of Berlin. The question of his becoming a benefactor to the human race we leave open to discussion.

Every observing person has at one time or another been attracted to his fellow man by some peculiarity of nasal adornment, a distinctive, idiosyncratic nose. Many kinds of noses may be seen on the streets. One may seem too long, another too short; another is hooked; and still another is cleft or arched, and so on, until nature's profligate regard for variety becomes a thing to marvel at. The psychologists and anthropologists tell us that each nose, or variety of nose, bespeaks some special characteristic. The unprofessional observer sees only the nose; the psychologist or anthropolgist recognizes the man behind the nose. One man may wish his nose hidden from critical public gaze, another may regard his with gratifying unction, as did the punning poet who sang—

O, nose, I am as proud of thee
As any mountain of its snows;
I gaze on thee, and feel that pride
A Roman knows!

But to return to Dr. Jaques Joseph. Without going into the subject of methods, it is only fair to say that the doctor promises to shape any nose so that it will fit the owner's face. That is something worth while. It is this promise that will sustain the human race until further details are received from Berlin. Meanwhile let us hope for more glad tidings.

THE DUTY ON GLOVES.

Littauer, of army contract fame, has been heard from again. The statute of limitations, which came in so handily upon a scandalous event, has saved him, it appears, for the arrangement of the biggest uplift thus far discovered in that document of surprises, the tariff bill.

Mr. Littauer will be remembered as a glovemaker and as a United States representative, the office serving to elevate the importance of the private interest. He appeared before the house committee on ways and means last winter and pleaded for an increase in duty on gloves, the results of his visits being:

	European value.	Present Proposed duty per doz.	duty.
2-clasp schmaschens..	$3.50	$1.75	$4.00
2-clasp lamb gloves....	4.25	2.50	4.00
2-clasp real kid.....	6.00	3.00	4.00

There are cumulative duties also which make the increases something about as follows:

Schmaschen gloves, 890 per cent; lamb gloves, 200 per cent; kid ploves, 184 per cent.

The principle of raising the tariff upon luxuries is a very excellent thing, but it would seem wise to leave the classification of gloves, whether they be a necessity or a luxury, to some one less intimately interested than Littauer.

EFFICIENCY.

The Juggernaut of the day is efficiency. The incapable, the indolent and the stupid perish beneath the wheels. Those who can do things, who can think and will think, who bring willingness and enthusiasm to their work as well as intelligence, alone must reap the greater rewards.

The evidences of this demand for high training and capacity have long been apparent in business. Employers who drew lines at liquor drinking and cigarette smoking have had efficiency more in mind than the morals of their employes. The correspondence schools in their advertisements have sought to contrast the planes of the unskilled and the qualified. The merchant who sends his salesmen out upon the road insists on a constantly increasing ability to despatch orders home.

Somewhat tardily the idea of efficiency is entering the government service. Not only do the heads of departments look for good work, but the people consider and criticise. Politics rules less in the army and navy than it ever did. Promotion is gained only after the passage of examinations. Consular positions no longer are obtained merely through the endorsement of senators or representatives. Even in the field of high diplomacy there is a reversion from the qualification of riches to that of talents.

The newer competition is the better. It presages the fall of the influence of family, that of the leverage of letters of introduction and the most unfair of unfairness the swift advancement of the offspring of stockholders. To win one must "make good."

THE SOUL OF NEW YORK.

New York has always been a little hard for the rest of the country to understand. This is why you occasionally hear the phrase, "New York and the United States." The city is so magnificently self-sufficient, so beautiful in the main-traveled avenues, so repulsive in the by-streets, so glorious to the eye and so ingloriously oriental in its outlook upon progress and morality.

Some illumination of the mystery of New York's want of mental cleanliness is given by the statement made by the police commissioner that he had been offered a bribe of $600,000 a year to protect certain criminal interests. It has been plain that other commissioners or other officers in the police department of New York have not withstood the pressure of temptation. And as the higher authorities have been swerved from the path of honesty so on down the line of officialdom, in all the complex labyrinths of the city, the bacilli of graft have spread until none may know how tainted his neighbor may be. Where one set of criminals can give $600,000, a hundred others have doubtless found it possible to organize and collect millions as the price for protection.

New York still remains a community apart, bright of face, dark and strange of soul.

THE DUTY ON LUMBER.

There seems to be some doubt as to the quality of the concession granted by the "stand pat" committee of ways and means of the house in the matter of the lumber tariff. The National Forest Conservation league declares there is a "joker" in the schedule, saying:

The lumber schedule of the bill the ways and means committee has just reported is a profound disappointment to the lumber consumer. While the duty on rough lumber is reduced from $2 to $1, the duty on finished lumber in all forms is left so high as to remain prohibitive. Rough lumber, owing to transportation charges, cannot be imported into the United States except where water transportation is available.

Finished lumber can be imported because of the saving in railway rates as compared with rough lumber if the tariff permit it, but as proposed it does not permit it. About ninety per cent of the lumber shipped from a mill by rail goes through the planing mill before it is put on the cars. About the same percentage of the lumber sold at a retail lumber yard is planed or finished in some measure. That is to say, the ordinary consumer of lumber buys finished lumber almost entirely.

There is a point suggested by this protest, though the conservation league does not lay stress upon it. This is: that American enterprise might find it worth while, indeed, to its profit, to bring lumber from Canada by way of the great lakes to finish it upon this side. The revisionists cannot gain everything at this session of congress, but they can score successes which may prove of great worth to this country, to capital and to labor.

AN ADVANCE.

An obscure little newspaper item of last week announced Prince George's renunciation of his rights to succession to the throne of Servia. While we have heard a good deal of Servia of late, few will be able to identify George from among the thousands of chinless princes of southern Europe.

There is deep tragedy in the career of Prince George, the tragedy of intermarriage and royalty fallen to physical and mental decay. This eldest son of King Peter has become notorious through his wild escapades. The authority given him upon the occasion of his father's acceptance of the crown unbalanced a nature wanting entirely in self-discipline. He is said to have been moved to abdicate his claims because of public agitation over the death of a servant, a persistent rumor charging the prince with throwing the man down a flight of stairs. Another and earlier story makes him out the murderer of a gamekeeper. The torture of his dogs, assaults upon attendants and a furious clamoring for hostilities with Austria-Hungary are other stains upon his career.

Europe has advanced since the days of Otto of Bavaria, when any one of its countries makes it impossible for a degenerate crown prince to assume the sceptre.

CASTRO.

For unalloyed impudence, the world has seldom known the equal of Cipriano Castro, late dictator-president of Venezuela, and at present an avowed revolutionist.

The finest thing about this impudence of Castro is that there is no particular incentive for his ambition. He has ruled Venezuela as not even the tyrannical Spanish governors ruled it. He has piled up a huge loot and placed it safely in the banks of Europe. He has acquired fame, notoriety, the pleasures of power, adulation, worshiping loyalty, bold adventure and that joy which must come from beholding the nations of the world in impotent rage over the defiance he has flung them.

The former president is wavering between his wife's appeal and his love for sport. If he adopts the course that appeals to his peculiar leaning toward mischief he will cause consternation in a half dozen foreign offices, but he will, at the same time, furnish no end of fun for three continents. It is difficult not to admire a courage that makes nothing of powerful enemies, that provokes trouble and wranglings and war out of sheer bravado. Castro is a relic of the middle ages, fond of elemental things, possessed of terrible vices, is daring, boasting, supremely impudent

It will be unfortunate if he regains his strange control over his country, but it wil be amusing to read of his trying it.

The Sereno Payne bill, it seems, would tax nearly everything in which women are especially interested, with the possible exception of marriage licenses.

A City Underground.

Technical World Magazine.

Well known to European tourists, but passed by most globe trotters—who in their hurried journey across seas and continents have no time to bestow on anything outside of the beaten tracks—are the salt mines of Wieliczka, Galicia, whose origin is lost in the darkness of time, while their history is traced to almost 1000 A. D. After being temporarily abandoned as a consequence of Tartar incursions and the resulting depopulation and impoverishment of the country, they were restored during the reign of Boleslas by immigrating Hungarian miners. The Wieliczka mines, the history of which is closely bound up with that of Poland, during the invasion of the federated troops, were the scene of many combats until 1772, when, after the annexation of the country by the Austrians, they were turned over to the new government, in whose control they have remained to the present day.

Apart from their interest to engineers, those mines, however, contain a number of attractions that appeal to the mind of ordinary tourists as keenly as to that of the expert. In fact, they are in themselves some kind of underground world, with its roads, streets, houses and monuments, hewn in the rock salt that commemorate the art and industry of bygone ages.

In the light of electric lamps and Bengal fires those underground halls, comprising churches, as well as profane buildings, in their weird splendor, remind visitors of the marvels of thousand-and-one-night palaces.

Cricket Fights.

Philadelphia Bulletin.

In Philadelphia Chinatown there is a Pekingese set that pursues cricket fighting madly. Cricket fighting, a national sport in the Celestial Kingdom, is odd to see. Crickets are trained. They are exercised and dieted, and daily, before a match, smaller, weaker crickets are opposed to them, that they may work out for themselves good fighting systems.

In matches the betting is very high. The Chinese, who are tremendous gamblers, often lose fortunes over crickets, as American millionaires lose fortunes over race horses. A good cricket fight will last half an hour. The opposing crickets, each in a tube like a box stall, are dropped into a ring with a wall around it about six inches high. A combatant, to win, must throw his rival over this wall cleau out of the ring. Tiny bells are rung by the seconds. These bells have a peculiar timbre, and excite the crickets to a very frenzy of fighting.

A cricket with a good record will sell for $5 or $10, while champions often fetch $50.

Unto the Fold.

("The Lord is my Shepherd."—Psalm xxiii.)

Unto the fold.
The crimson light fades from the western skies;
Along the hills the wailing night-wind sighs;
Belated, dim, and cold the moon doth rise.
Unto the fold.

Unto the fold.
The noisy rooks are winging homeward flight;
While dimmer, darker grows yon wooded height;
Deep stillness in the valley; falls the night.
Unto the fold.

Unto the fold.
'Twas thus as fell the autumn eventide,
From his repose, high on mountain side,
To straying flocks a shepherd gently cried:
Unto the fold.

Unto the fold.
And then from valley and from mountain nook,
He called them softly, and with tender crook,
He led them down the vale and by the brook,
Unto the fold.

Unto the fold.
Thou tender, loving Shepherd, great, divine,
When dim and low life's setting sun doth shine,
Guide Thou these weary, straying feet of mine
Unto the fold.

—Alonzo Rice in Western Christian Advocate.

THE EDGE OF THINGS

Senator Beveridge, in the course of an eloquent after-dinner speech in Boston, said of child labor.

"When we consider the indifference with which so many of our great men look upon the child-labor evil, we can't help wondering if these men are so very great after all."

Senator Beveridge paused and smiled.

"An orator," he said, "was addressing an assemblage of the people. He recounted the people's wrongs. Then he passionately cried:

"'Where are America's great men? Why don't they take up the cudgel in our defense? In the face of our manifold wrongs, why do they remain cold, immovable, silent?'

"'Because they're all cast in bronze,' shouted a cynic in the rear."

The elderly lady who was looking through the shop of a dealer in knickknacks picked up a small handbag. "Are you sure," she inquired, "that this is a real crocodile skin?"

"Absolutely certain, madam," replied the dealer. "I shot that crocodile myself."

"It look rather soiled," observed his customer.

"Naturally, madam," explained the salesman. "That is where it struck the ground when it tumbled off the tree."

"Really," said the stylish lady, enthusiastically, to her friend, "it is quite worth while going to the zoo, if only to see the wonderful display of rhododendrons."

"Is it?" replied her friend, languidly; "I like to look at the great big clumsy beasts, too, but it always smells so unpleasantly round the cages."

There are summer resorts, remote from any agricultural communities, where fresh farm products are even harder to obtain than in the city. It was at such a place that the new boarder, who had eaten four or five breakfasts there, began to wonder why the eggs were invariably served fried.

"See here," he inquired one morning of the genial colored man who waited upon him, "why do you always fry eggs here? Don't you ever boil them?"

"Oh-oh, yes, sah!" responded the waiter, pleasantly. "Of co'se, you kin have 'em boiled, if yo' wants 'em. But yo' know, sah, yo' takes de risk!"

The little girl was very fond of pleasant days, and at the close of a heavy rainstorm petitioned in her prayer for fine weather; when, the next morning, the sun shone bright and clear she became jubilant and told her prayer to her grandmother, who said:

"Well, dear, why can't you pray tonight that it may be warmer tomorrow, so that grandma's rheumatism will be better?"

"All right, I will," was the quick response; and that night as she knelt she said: "O Lord, please make it hot for grandma."

Sothern was once playing Lord Dundreary in a small town whose regular playgoers plumed themselves on their imperturbable demeanor at the theatre. A joker who lived in that town had just returned from New York, and gravely put in circulation a hint that it was extremely unfashionable to laugh at comedians.

The hint "took." Sothern played the first act in a frigid atmosphere. He could not understand it, but he called the company together before the second act and implored them do "pitch in and wake 'em up." They did their utmost, but without perceptible result. Utterly beaten, the great laughter-maker dived into the dressing room.

Presently the manager of the house joined him.

"Shake, Ned, old boy!" he exclaimed. "You're doin' great. Got 'em sure! Never seen a more delighted audience."

"What!" was the dazed response. "Delighted be hanged! They haven't cracked a smile."

"Laughed, sir!" replied the manager. "I should hope not. There was one man that snickered, but we bounced him out afore he knowed what ailed him."

Speaker Cannon, at the recent Gridiron club dinner in Washington, stood up for the Senate.

"You'd think, the way the Senate is blamed for everything," he said, "that it had supernatural powers.

"A crowd of farmers were knocking the Senate one market day last month, when an old fellow of only one-horsepower brain bustled into their midst.

"'Well, byes,' said he, 'what's the Senate up to now?'

"'Why, ain't ye heerd, Zachary?' said a young farmer, winking at the others. 'The Senate's went and passed a bill addin' two extry months to the winter.'

"Zachary struck his forehead with his red-mittened fist.

"'Do tell!' he groaned. 'Gosh durn the luck! An' here am I clean out o' fodder.'"

Boston Herald.

Who is the man Standing in the Door?
The man is an Auctioneer.
What is an Auctioneer?
An Auctioneer is a man who Sells you Something you don't Want cheaper than you could Get it somewhere else for Nothing.
What is the Auctioneer saying?
The Auctioneer is saying: "Comsingents and don'tstandinthe doorwayandblockitup how much amIofferedforthisimportedvase itcostonehundreddollars IsayONEHUNDREDDOLLARS gimme a dollar gimmeadollargimmeadollar going going goingoneatfiftycentsyoufellersmakemeSICK!"
Doesn't the Auctioneer speak English?
Yes, the Auctioneer speaks Auction-English. It is a Language you can't Understand until you have been Stung.
How can the Auctioneer Live and Lose so Much Money?
The Auctioneer Lives because other People Lose so much Money.
(P. S.—As a talking Mechanical device the Auctioneer has the Phonograph beaten to a Spring Rug).

Saturday Evening Post.

Quartermaster-General Aleshire was the quartermaster on the staff of Gen. James H. Wilson, of Delaware, during the war with Spain.

General Wilson's division went to Macon, Georgia, for a time during the campaign, and Aleshire got General Wilson a room at one of the hotels.

"This is odd," said Wilson, as soon as he stepped into the room. "I had this very room when I was in command here during the civil war."

Soon afterward Senator Bacon came to call on General Wilson. "I have met you here before," said Bacon.

"Yes, I know we have met before," Wilson replied, "but it was not in this place that I can remember."

"My memory is better than yours," the senator said. "I met you here, in this very room, during your occupation of Macon when I was a prisoner of war."

Queen Elizabeth of England is reputed to have drunk a quart of ale every day with her breakfast. Within 50 years of her death the practice of ale drinking appears to have become practically universal in that country.

Nearly all the civil, mechanical and electrical engineers, architects and salesmen in Chile are Europeans, and they are naturally in sympathy with European products. This is one reason why America gets so small a share of that country's business.

Varieties

Australia has prohibited the importation of goods made by prison labor.

The train which the Kaiser uses on his travels was three years building.

Moving pictures are censored in New York by a committee of prominent citizens.

Lions maul thirteen men during the season at Mombasa, where Roosevelt will hunt.

Police Commissioner Bingham of New York declares he has spurned a million in graft.

Earl Grey, governor-general of Canada, is urging forest preservation in Canada.

Over 18,000 employes of the United States Steel Corporation subscribe for stock in that concern.

The electric motors on the New York Edison system aggregate 205,373-horsepower.

Of the 30,484 homestead entries granted in the western provinces of Canada last year 7,318 were by Americans and 7,417 by Canadians.

Paderewski promptly rejects proposition of woman to let two dozen bees sting him to cure him of rheumatism.

In proportion to the population there is more money in circulation in France than any other country.

Roosevelt and Taft are the only Presidents elected from the same town in which they were born.

Former Secretary of the Treasury Cortelyou is elected president of the Consolidated Gas company of New York.

It is said that silicide and boride of titanium, products of the electric furnace, are as hard as the diamond.

Crown Prince George of Servia, accused of the murder of a servant, renounces his right of succession to the throne.

There are less than 500 miles of railway in Colombia, and nearly all traveling must be done on horse or muleback.

Tax rates are so graded in Holland that the heaviest burdens fall upon those who have the most property or income.

Special carriages furnished with hot water pipes and mattresses are to be provided on the Prussian railways for dogs.

Congressman Sabath introduces bill to appropriate $2,500,000 to buy 20,000 acres of land in Colorado for a sanitarium for consumptives.

False teeth of ivory, on a plate of the same material, and held in place by gold wire, were in comparatively common use as early as 1000 B. C.

St. Petersburg is to have modern systems of drainage and water supply by compulsory construction under government supervision.

Gorgas, a town of 300 inhabitants, has been selected as the future federal capital of Brazil. Owing to its altitude, it enjoys a pleasant climate.

Throughout the United States there is one licensed physician to every 709 persons; in New York state, one to 672, and in New York city, one to only 653.

In Texas there are 55 counties, 35,000,000 acres, without a foot of railway. Most of Texas is over ten miles from a railway, and there are places 100 miles away.

Last year the British admiralty abolished the use of carrier pigeons, as the result of the demonstrated success of wireless telegraphy. The French admiralty is about to adopt the same course.

The coal production of the world in 1907 was 1,209,000,000 short tons, of which amount the United States furnished 480,400,000 tons, Great Britain 300,000,000, and Germany 226,800,000 tons.

The first electric street railway to be operated in Warsaw, Russia, was put in service a few months ago. The company operates 304 cars and charges 3.6 cents for first-class passengers.

Canada's new patent medicine act will go into force April 1. Among other things it forbids the sale of any patent medicine containing cocaine or any of its salts, or enough alcohol to make the article appetizing as a beverage.

The first sod of the Akkra-Akuapem railway on the gold coast has been cut. It will develop particularly the cocoa industry, which is entirely worked by the natives. Exports of cocoa have risen from $50,000 to $2,500,000 in only ten years, even without adequate transportation.

Several New York organizations met recently to consider a movement for the reform of New York's dance halls. The work is under the general direction of the committee on amusements and vacation resources of working girls. Mrs. Charles H. Israels, chairman of the committee, presided.

Alfred Picard, named French Minister of Marine, in succession to M. Thomson, last year, for the purpose of reorganizing and carrying out reforms in the French navy, has presented to the cabinet an extensive plan of development which, not counting new ships, involves an expenditure of $45,000,000.

Justice William J. Gaynor, of the supreme court of New York, is quoted as saying, in a public address, the other night, that "the law's delay is scandalous," and that, while more cases are disposed of in London than in New York, a case can be heard in London immediately after it is brought.

Unter den Linden is the center of Berlin and the hub of the German empire. This magnificent boulevard is 198 feet in width, and under the shade of its lime trees the Berliners have a meeting place which is equal in architectural beauty to any in Europe. It is lined on either side with magnificent hotels, restaurants and palaces.

In California one rarely sees a bank note. The money in circulation is all gold and silver. It is common to see a collector walking along the street with a bag of gold on his back. Curiously, the very weight of the money—one person can hardly car

Buy a Freight-Paid BUGGY $51.95

A rig laid-down at **YOUR** railroad station. You know the exact cost—no figuring—no guessing—easy to compare prices with your home dealer—no chance for argument. The buying simplified and with it **Ward Quality.**

Genuine hickory ¾-inch wheels. Long-distance axles. Oil-tempered, Elliptic springs. Steel Bailey loop. Full under-circle anti-rattling fifth wheel. Double-braced, full ironed hickory reaches. 24-inch hardwood frame body. Triple-braced, solid panel seat back. Auto high seat sides. Special "Ward" seat ironing. Leather quarter top. Heavy rubber side curtains. Solid board boot. Steel frame leather dash. Double-braced hickory shafts. Body painted black, all hand work. Gear Brewster green, red or blue, all hand work. Auto cloth upholstering. Furnished complete with carpet, storm apron, side curtains, anti-rattlers. **Warranty Against Defects and a Guarantee of Satisfaction,** at the prices named below. **Delivered at your railroad station.** Order No. J 111—Illinois, Indiana, Michigan and Ohio..... **51.95**

Connecticut, Delaware, Iowa, Kentucky, Massachusetts, Maine, Maryland, New York, New Hampshire, New Jersey, R. Island, Tenn., Virginia, W. Virginia and Vermont, **54.15**

Missouri, Pennsylvania and Wisconsin..... **$53.00**

Is there any good reason why one or more middlemen should come between the manufacturer of vehicles and the user? The actual value of a buggy whether it is made in our factory or any factory **anywhere** is the manufacturer's cost. Anything over that is too much except a reasonable and fair profit to the factory. Is not that so? **OUR factory is exclusively for users and the only one in the United States where the entire output is shipped direct.** We are saving our customers from 25 to 40 per cent on every vehicle purchased.

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TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

From the latest Paris and New York Styles.

These designs are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

2811—Misses' Shirt-Waist, with long or three-quarter sleeves. Heavy linen in white or any pretty light shade will develop well in this simple little model. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2800—Ladies' Waist, closing at front and having body lining. The model here illustrated is adaptable to foulard, messaline, crepe, or in fact any material that the wearer desires. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2203—Ladies' Tucked Shirt-Waist. For the every day waist of linen, madras, taffetas or satin this is a very simple and stylish model. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2835—Ladies' Empire Coat, in 44-inch length. One of the latest models for any of the light spring materials. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

2276—Infants' Kimono Wrapper and Sack, with Bell of Bishop sleeves. Any of the pretty light shades of flannel or flowered silks make this a charming little garment for the infants. One size.

1809—Boys' Blouse or Shirt-Blouse, with or without permanent turn-down collar. Flannel, linen, ponger, silk or in fact any of the season's shirtings develop well in this style. 6 sizes—5 to 15 years.

2793—Girls' Dress, with Dutch neck and three-quarter sleeves. This simple little frock is easy in construction and very becoming when worn developed in any of the wash materials. 5 sizes—6 to 14 years.

2106—Girls' Dress. For every day wear this is an excellent model for dark colored plaids or ginghams. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2796—Ladies' Semi-Princess Dress, with or without removable chemisette and cuffs—desirable for bordered and other materials. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2821—Childs' Coat. Serge, flannel or linen are excellent materials for this jaunty little coat. 4 sizes—1 to 7 years.

2798—Ladies' Tucked Shirt-Waist. Sheer batiste, nainsook, Persian lawn, organdie or China silk made up very neat in this style. 5 sizes—32 to 40.

2830—Ladies' "Gibson" Shirt-Waist, with one-piece plain sleeves or regulation shirt sleeves. A simple style for the every-day shirt-waist is shown developed in heavy white linen though it is adaptable to any of the season's shirtings. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2805—Childs' Dress, with front yoke. Sheer white lawn was used for this pretty little model, trimmed with all-over embroidery and insertions. 4 sizes—½ to 5 years.

2819—Boys' Russian Suit, consisting of a blouse, closing under box-plait at centre-front, and knickerbockers. An excellent model for linen, in any preferred shade, and would be pretty trimmed with hand-embroidery in the same or a contrasting color of the suit. 4 sizes—2 to 5 years.

2652—Misses' Nine-Gored Skirt, closing with buttons down left side of front and with an inverted box-plait at the back or in habit style. Heavy linen, duck, serge or flannel are all adaptable to this neat model which is very easily laundered. 4 sizes—14 to 17 years.

2826—Ladies' Three-Piece Empire Skirt, with 10-inch square train or in round length. Chiffon broadcloth, serge, mohair or Panama cloth are excellent materials for this stylish skirt. 5 sizes—22 to 30.

1513—Girls' Box-Plaited Dress, closed under centre-back box-plait and with turn-down or standing collar. For every-day or knock-about wear this is a good model developed in linen, Indian-head cotton, gingham or chambray. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2799—Girls' and Childs' Rompers, with Circular bloomers. Gingham, linen, khaki, duck or chambray are all adaptable to these serviceable little rompers. 4 sizes—2 to 8years.

2817—Misses' Sailor Suit, consisting of a blouse slipped over the head and with or without yoke-facing, and a five-gored skirt. Serge, flannel, linen or duck are the best materials for suits of this description. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2832—Ladies' One-Piece Work Apron. Linen, Indian-head cotton, duck, gingham or percale all develop well in this useful house garment. 3 sizes—small, medium and large.

ASKS PASTORS TO RESCUE "THE POOR MILLIONAIRES"

Chicago, March 26.—The Rev. Dr. C. B. Mitchell, of aristocratic St. James' Episcopal church, one of Chicago's richest parishes, claims that he has found religion is outside the sphere of the millionaire's life, and he has appealed to his brother ministers to give the "poor millionaires" more attention, declaring that they are as deserving of help and attention as hoboes and drunkards.

"I will venture to say that not fifty of Chicago's extremely wealthy men were at church Sunday," he said in conclusion.

John Farson, banker and humorist, thought the statements of Dr. Mitchell "rather interesting," and all but said they might have some foundation. "Why, of course, I believe in churches," he said. "I believe that churches are just fine. I don't go so very often, but I think they are fine, just the same. You see, I am away from home so much, and when I am at home—well, I'm tired."

"Were you at church Sunday?" he was asked.

"Well, no; but I'm going next Sunday," he replied with a laugh.

Potter Palmer, who has just opened a handsome home at No. 185 Lincoln Park Boulevard for his bride, formerly Miss Pauline Kohlsaat, formerly was a regular attendant at St. James' Episcopal church.

"Yes, I go to church services regularly and usually enjoy the services," said Mr. Palmer.

"What was Dr. Stone's text Sunday?" he was asked.

"It just happened that I was not at the service Sunday; I had another engagament," Mr. Palmer replied.

Stanley Field, vice president of Marshall Field company, took inquiries into his religious activities as a joke.

"Now, what do you want to know this for?" he asked. "I am a member of Grace Episcopal church and a very good churchman, you may be sure."

"Were you at church Sunday?"

"Now you are getting closer," he said, and laughed off a refusal to answer the question further.

Joseph T. Ryerson said that he was a firm believer in the mission of the church. But he did not attend services Sunday.

James MacVeagh, son of the secretary of the treasury, also expressed his interest in the church and the inspiration derived from religious services.

"I go as often as I can, really I do, but I wasn't there Sunday," he said.

Mrs. Emmons Blaine and several other well known society women would not reply to questions concerning their church-going.

MAY BE CHARLES ROSS

Coal Miner Says He Was Kidnaped as Child.

Pittsburg, Pa., March 28,—William Grant Eyester, of McKees Rocks, a suburb, formerly a coal miner at Shamokin, now a brakeman on the Pittsburg & Lake Erie railroad, said last night that he believes he is Charlie Ross, kidnaped from Germantown, Pa., thirty-five years ago and never recovered.

He said he learned early in life that he was not the child of his supposed parents and that many things they did led him to believe that he was Charlie Ross. He said he tallies in every respect with the description of Charlie, even to moles on his body. Memories of his early home, he said, agree with descriptions of the Ross home.

His foster parents, who live at Shamokin, are dead, and he has no evidence of his identity and is not making any effort to prove his connection with the famous case, dreading the notoriety it would give him.

TRAMPS 1672 MILES

Member Signal Corps Limps Into Mobile.

Mobile, Ala., March 27.—On the last lap of an 1,800 mile walk, an endurance test under the direction of the United States army, T. R. Deckrow, a member of Company A, Signal Corps, U. S. A., stationed at Fort Sheridan, and one of five who started from Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, dragged himself into Mobile last night.

Deckrow and four other members of the corps left Sault Ste. Marie for Gulfport, Miss., a distance of 1,800 miles, and to be covered in ninety days.

"I have worn out eight pairs of army shoes since I began the test," said Deckrow, displaying a pair of easy walkers. "I am dead tired and it was all that I could do to reach the city."

Deckrow left Sault Ste. Marie on January 1, and has five days in which to walk the 128 miles to Gulfport.

DR. GILBERT IS DEAD

Was a Noted Writer on Religious Topics.

Washington, March 26.—Rev. Dr. James E. Gilbert, secretary of the American Society for Religious Education, died here early today, aged 69. His illness, which lasted for about two weeks, was from a complication of diseases. Dr. Gilbert was contributor on religious topics in the secular press. He is survived by a widow and a daughter, Mrs. Grace D. Woodburn.

GOES FOR BIG CLIMB

Duke of the Abruzzi Leaves for Himalayas.

Marseilles, March 26.—The Duke of the Abruzzi left here today on the steamer Oceania for Bombay, whence he will proceed to the Himalaya mountains. He is accompanied by an aide, Marquis Negretto-Sella, and a secretary, Signor Fillipi.

Make Big Money Training Horses!

Prof. Beery, King of Horse Tamers and Trainers, has retired from the Arena and will teach his wonderful system to a limited number, by mail.

$1200 to $3000 a Year At Home or Traveling

Prof. Jesse Beery is acknowledged to be the world's master horseman. His exhibitions of taming man-killing horses, and conquering horses of all dispositions have thrilled vast audiences everywhere.

He is now teaching his marvelously successful methods to others. His system of Horse Training and Colt Breaking opens up a most attractive money-making field to the man who masters its simple principles.

Competent Horse Trainers are in demand everywhere. People gladly pay $25 to $50 a head to have horses tamed, trained, cured of habits—to have colts broken to harness. A good trainer can always keep his stable full of horses.

If you love travel, here is a chance to see the world, giving exhibitions and making large profits. You will be surprised to learn how little it costs to get into the Horse-Training profession.

Write and Prof. Beery will send you full particulars and handsome book about horses—FREE. Address Prof. Jesse Beery, Box 35, Pleasant Hill, Ohio

BLACK HAND SLAYS IN STREET

New York, March 24.—Another killing which the police declare should be added to the list of crimes of the "Black Hand" society was committed on the streets of Brooklyn today when Joseph Genaro, a cigarmaker, and supposed to be the father of a vaudeville performer of that name, was shot down and killed in a fusillade of bullets that followed a meeting of Genaro and a crowd of seven Italians.

The police made several arrests, and Mrs. Genaro, who stood by and implored her husband's enemies not to shoot him, declared that Antonio Cincotta, a saloonkeeper, one of the prisoners, had killed her husband. Detectives have had Cincotta under surveillance for some time, believing that he might know something of the movements of the Black Hand society.

Genaro had trouble last night with Cincotta over a bail bond which the victim had put up for a friend of Cincotta, who had fled. Genaro told Cincotta that the latter should pay something toward the loss sustained, and the saloonkeeper threw him out of the place.

600 IN DANGER

Fall River Liner, Crippled Off Point Judith, Calls Help by Wireless.

Newport, R. I., March 27.—With 1,000 passengers aboard, among them 600 school children, the steamer Providence broke down last night and was towed into port this morning.

Wireless messages sent out by the operator on the Providence brought the steamer Commonwealth to her aid and then tugs notified of the "C. Q. D." signals towed the crippled steamer to port.

The Providence, of the Fall River line, broke down off Point Judith. Her port paddle wheel was broken, probably by striking driftwood.

If there had been a storm or even a slightly rough sea, there would have been great danger.

The vessel is old and of the obsolete light wooden construction and with side wheels. With one paddle broken she would have been at the mercy of a heavy sea.

There were 600 children aboard, bound from all parts of New England for Washington. Had there been danger or need of taking to the boats a disastrous panic could not have been averted.

Again the great value of wireless on board ship was proved. The prompt arrival of the Commonwealth and the tugs would have meant much had conditions become more serious.

TO GIVE UP HIS THRONE

Vienna and Rome Hear That Servian Ruler Will Leave Belgrade With Sons.

London, March 29.—Special dispatches received here from Rome and Vienna give rumors that Peter, the king of Servia, and all the members of his family, are preparing to leave Belgrade.

This development in the affairs of the principality is the result of the surrender which the government has been forced to make to the Austrian demands.

The message from Rome says that King Victor Emmanuel has received a letter from Belgrade to the effect that King Peter and his sons are going to Switzerland. King Peter suggests that the youngest son of Prince Nicholas of Montenegro takes the crown of Servia. The king of Italy, according to this dispatch, does not oppose the abdication of King Peter, but will urge that Peter's son Alexander succeed him.

The dispatch from Vienna says that an influential party in the Servian parliament is agitating against the Karageorgevitch dynasty, the family of King Peter and discussing either the Duke of Teck or Prince Arthur of Connaught as possible successors to the throne.

ROOSEVELT IN AZORES

Brief Stay Is Made at Horta Fayal.

Horta Fayal, Azores, March 29.—The steamer Hamburg, with Theodore Roosevelt and the members of his party on board, put in here today to leave the mails. The stay in port was a short one only.

Ade Freytas, the governor of Horta, came out to the Hamburg and welcomed Mr. Roosevelt, after which the members of the Roosevelt party were taken ashore by the governor and driven through the town. There was no official reception.

Mr. Roosevelt attended a dance on board the Hamburg Saturday evening. He did not dance, but his son, Kermit, took part in the entertainment and danced with several of the young women on board.

All the members of the Roosevelt party are well.

On Rainy Days A Fish Brand Slicker will keep you dry

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$3.00

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CUTICURA CURED HIM

Eczema Came on Legs and Ankles—Could Not Wear Shoes Because

OF BAD SCALING AND ITCHING

"I have been successfully cured of dry eczema. I was inspecting the removal of noxious weeds from the edge of a river and was constantly in the dust from the weeds. At night I cleansed my limbs but felt a prickly sensation. I paid no attention to it for two years but I noticed a scum on my legs like fish scales. I did not attend to it until it came to be too itchy and sore and began getting two running sores. My ankles were all sore and scabby and I could not wear shoes. I had to use carpet and felt slippers for weeks. I got a cake of the Cuticura Soap and some Cuticura Ointment. In less than ten days I could put on my boots and in less than three weeks I was free from the confounded itching. Capt. George P. Bliss, Chief of Police, Morris, Manitoba, Mar. 20, '07, and Sept. 24, '08."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

Tire of Husband

News comes from Italy that Madame Toselli, who was one time Crown Princess of Saxony, has separated from her pianist husband. In this picture are shown Signor and Signora Toselli.

KISS KILLS A NURSE

Pays With Life for Caress Given Dying Patient.

Cumberland, Md., March 29.—Having become infected from a kiss bestowed by request on a patient dying of blood poisoning, Miss Marion C. Spier, a trained nurse, died last night at her home here. Miss Spier nursed Mrs. Virginia Callan Carder, wife of Dr. George L. Carder, a prominent society woman at the Allegany hospital, and displayed such a lovable disposition toward the sick woman that the latter asked the nurse to kiss her as she was dying. The request was granted, and in a few days Miss Spier was stricken with the same malady.

IS NOT BOSS OF HOME

Man's Place Fixed for First Time by Court.

New York, March 29.—That the father of a family is no longer its lord and master is the decision of Justice Platzek in a case which is peculiar for the reason that it is the first time that a court has been called upon to decide the question of parental authority as between husband and wife, where there is no separation or divorce.

Arthur F. Williamson, secretary of the New Jersey Steel company, in Rahway, quarreled with his wife and declared that he was going to do as he pleased. He informed his wife that he intended to place their three children in a boarding school and break up their home at No. 512 Jefferson avenue, Elizabeth, N. J.

On Feb. 9 Rose, the eseven-year-old daughter of the Williamsons was taken to the Elizabeth hospital to have an operation performed for adenoids. On Feb. 14 Mr. Williamson removed the little girl from the hospital and took her to the school of the Misses Metcalf at Tarrytown, N. Y.

Then Mrs. Williamson came to New York and consulted Charles F. Thumm, a lawyer, of No. 60 Wall street. Mr. Thumm procured a writ of habeas corpus from Justice Platzek requiring the Misses Metcalf to bring Rose within the jurisdiction of the court.

The court appointed M. Linn Bruce referee, and much testimony was taken the husband trying to show Mrs. Williamson an incompetent mother, while Mrs. Williamson brought testimony to refute that charge. The case closed on March 13 and then Referee Bruce recommended that the child be returned to her home on the ground that the husband was not entitled to absolute authority over his children, but that in all matters involving their education and bringing up the wife has equal rights.

Justice Platzek yesterday ordered the child returned to her parents and indorsed the report of the referee, thus establishing a precedent in the matter of parental authority.

STORM WRECKS TOWN

Village Is Partly Destroyed and Vast Havoc Played in Texas.

Fort Worth, Tex., March 24.—Reports received here today from Wise county, thirty miles north of here, say that a terrific electrical storm swept that county early today and that four persons were burned to death in a fire which followed.

The town of Slidell is reported nearly destroyed. Only two houses were left standing. Many farm houses throughout the county were wrecked. Bridgeport and Decatur are said to have suffered heavy losses.

NEW TARIFF IS WORST

Ollie James Declares It Goes Furthest in Pillaging of Humanity.

Washington, March 29.—What probably will be the last week of general debate on the Payne tariff bill was begun in the house of representatives today. The session convened at 10 o'clock with every prospect of a busy day of speechmaking.

Declaring that the Payne bill "goes one step further in the pillaging of humanity," Mr. James, of Kentucky, asked "what is a reasonable profit" that the Republicans claim the measure would allow. "Who shall decide?" he asked. "Shall it be left to Andrew Carnegie, pricked by a conscience that has allowed him to loot for many years?"

Mr. Carnegie, he said, commenced to establish in the various cities and towns of the country libraries where hungry, ragged men may read of feasts they could not attend and of comforts they could not have. He asserted that the so-called reasonable profit was to be upon watered stock and fictitious values.

Mr. James characterized the tariff on farm products "a delusion and a snare and a most consummate fraud." He attacked the maximum ad minimum features of the bill. He declared that the plan of the tariff was to punish consumers because the governments across the sea will not deal fairly with American manufacturers. "Your whole vision," he said, "only includes the manufacturer."

Mr. James announced his intention of offering an amendment to authorize suspension of import duties on commodities or articles of merchandise of foreign make where the value of similar articles is enhanced in consequence of any trust or monopoly.

He insisted that wherever the maximum rate is applied it would wipe off the free list at least fifty articles. He denounced the sugar and tobacco trusts and advocated an income tax.

Mr. Cushman (Washington), the new Republican member of the committee on ways and means, pleaded for better protection to American lumber, and for a duty on coal. The Democrats, he said, had characterized the bill as iniquitous, but while there were some features not entirely to his liking, he did not condemn it as a whole. It would be, he declared, an interesting contribution to the political literature of the nation to have printed "in deadly parallel columns" exactly what bill the Democrats proposed as a substitute for the Payne bill.

Mr. Cushman's declaration that the conditions were far better today than they were under Democratic rule, was disputed by Mr. Weisse (Wisconsin). Mr. Weisse declared that in the last eighteen months 40 per cent of the laboring men of the country had been out of work, and that there has been failures to the amount of $689,000,000 in the last year.

Mr. Cushman replied that laboring folk were not only getting the benefit of decent wages, but were well dressed and well fed, which, he said, was not the case when Democracy was in power.

Mr. Cushman got vociferous Republican applause when he said: "The laboring man has traveled a mighty distance since you and your party were in," addressing himself to Mr. Wilson (Pennsylvania), who had interrupted him.

"The laboring man," he continued, "has traveled all the way from a dime's worth of liver on credit to a dollar's worth of porterhouse on cash, and that represents a mighty and unmeasured distance on the chart of domestic economy and national prosperity." It was, he said, the wage and not the price list that was the barometer of prosperity.

Mr. Cushman declared that free coal was not a Republican doctrine. He quoted from some remarks made by Mr. Payne, when a bill was up providing for free coal, and said it did not lie with Mr. Payne to criticise him, because, he said, "when I raise my voice today for a tariff on coal, I am preaching the doctrine which he himself taught."

Mr. Cushman entered a eulogistic defense of the lumber manufacturers when he said the minds of the public were inflamed against the lumber manufacturers, "I said to you, beware, you are sowing the wind, and you will some day reap the whirlwind. Some day a spasm of popular reform will attack your particular industry, and then the seeds of discord and malice which you have sown will spring up like the crop that grew from the dragon's teeth."

Mr. Cushman spoke for two hours and fifteen minutes, and received an ovation when he sat down.

'KIDNAPED' BOY BACK

Tells of Thrilling Escape From Hut.

Pittsburg, March 27.—Lawrence Gibson, aged 14, returned to his home in this city yesterday after an absence of 24 hours, during which time the parents of the boy received two letters saying that their son had been kidnaped and demanding a ransom of $15,000 for his return.

Gibson is said to have stated that two men took him away in an automobile to a hut in North Braddock, near this city, from which place he escaped. Little credence is given to the story told by the lad.

NEW SALOON SCHEME

Portland May Place All Under One Ownership.

San Francisco, March 25.—A special from Portland, Ore., states that the Gothenburg system of placing all saloons under one ownership may be adopted by that city. An association is seeking a ten-year franchise, for which it has offered $365,000 a year for the first five years and $400,000 for the last five. It promises to reduce the number of saloons from 440 to 250 and to regulate them. An initiative petition for a law granting them this privilege is being circulated.

FAST DRIVES FATAL

P. S. Flinn, Famous Autoist Dies of Heart Disease.

Pittsburg, March 29.—Philip Sheridan Flinn, who two and a half years ago laid out the automobile route for the Glidden tour and who for two successive years finished the Glidden tours with perfect scores, died last night at Atlantic City, N. J., of an affection of the heart. It is believed his devotion to fast driving with his automobile was instrumental in causing his heart trouble. He was 44 years old and a prominent business man.

$50 TO $300 SAVED

We are manufacturers, not merchants. Save dealers, jobbers and catalog house profit. I'll save you from $50 to $300 on my High Grade Standard Gasoline Engines from 2 to 22-H.-P.—Price direct to you lower than dealers or jobbers have to pay for similar engines in carload lots for spot cash.

GALLOWAY

Price and quality speak for themselves and you are to be the sole judge. Sell your poorest horse and buy a **5-H.-P. only $119.50**

You Can Make From $5 to $10 a Day

Direct From My Factory on 30 Days' Free Trial. Satisfaction or money back. Write for special proposition. All you pay me is for raw material, labor and one small profit. Send for my big BOOK FREE.

Wm. Galloway, Pres.
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We want to send you a trial order of HAYNER BOTTLED-IN-BOND WHISKEY at our risk—on our guarantee it will please you—or it will not cost you one cent—

We want to prove to you what a rich, pure and delicious whiskey this is.

We want to convince you of the extraordinary saving our DIRECT FROM DISTILLERY plan of selling means to you.

HERE'S OUR OFFER—WE WILL SEND YOU

4 Full Quart Bottles of Hayner Private Stock Bottled-in-Bond Whiskey—Express Prepaid—for **$3.20**

Goods shipped in plain sealed case—no marks to indicate contents.

When it arrives—**try it**—every bottle if you like. Then, if you don't find it all we claim—one of the most exquisite whiskies you ever tasted and equal to any you could buy in your city for $5—send it back at our expense and your $3.20 will be returned by first mail.

THINK OF IT—THIS IS AT THE RATE OF ONLY 80 CENTS A QUART FOR THIS HIGHEST GRADE BOTTLED IN BOND WHISKEY.

—a whiskey that is distilled, aged and bottled under U. S. Government supervision—every bottle sealed with the Government's BOTTLED-IN-BOND STAMP—positive assurance that it is a STRAIGHT whiskey—fully aged, full 100 per cent proof and full measure—absolutely PURE to the last drop.

TRY it—That's all we ask. The expense is all ours if it fails to please you. Send us your order TO-DAY and be sure to address our nearest Shipping Depot.

Orders for Ariz., Cal., Colo., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash. or Wyo. must be on the basis of 4 Quarts for $4.00 by Express Prepaid or 20 Quarts for $13.20 by Freight Prepaid.

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Dayton, Ohio. St. Louis, Mo. St. Paul, Minn. Chattanooga, Tenn.

194 Distillery at Troy, Ohio. Established 1866. Capital, $500,000 Fully Paid.

LINKS LURE MR. TAFT

Has First Play Since Inaugural and Accepts Sherman's Challenge,

Washington, March 27.—President Taft cast aside official duties this afternoon to have his first real play and recreation since his inauguration. He accepted a challenge from Vice President Sherman for a match game of golf at the Chevy Chase club, the links being about five miles northwest of the city, and across the Maryland line. Mr. Taft has missed the game greatly since he became President.

Vice President Sherman has admitted that he is not the best golf player in Utica, and has even gone so far as to declare himself a "dub." President Taft, although quite an expert as the result of his nine years of experience at the game, is equally modest, and has declared himself a "bumble puppy." Mr. Sherman's son, Tom, is one of the best amateurs in the country, and has won a number of tournaments against crack players.

The President, intending to make the most of his half holiday, will go to the theatre this evening.

JEER AT BRIDE-TO-BE

Young Woman Who Plans to Marry a Japanese Is Made Butt of Frisco

San Francisco, March 28.—Deserted by former friends, scoffed at by old neighbors and scorned by all, Miss Helen Gladys Emery, who is giving up all she holds dear to marry a Japanese, practically was hooted out of her home town today.

Only her mother, whose love is stronger than race prejudice, stands by her in this hour of trouble. With her mother the girl started this afternoon from their country home at Corte Maderia. Their neighbors closed their windows as the two women departed, declining to look upon what they considered the disgrace of an old and respected family, but there was a mob in front of the house which held no such scruples. The crowd, hooting and jeering, followed the women to the station, and they finally escaped into their train amid hoots, yells and catcalls and a shower of tin cans, old shoes and rice.

Father Opposes Match.

The girl's father, Archdeacon John Emery, of the Episcopal church, is reported to be bitterly opposed to her marriage to Gunjiro Aoki, the brown-skinned native of the realm of the mikado, and his absence when his wife and daughter were facing the hostile crowd lends color to this suspicion.

Aoki also was not with the women, but will join them between here and Tacoma, Wash., where the marriage ceremony is to be performed. The mother and daughter were met here by the secretary of Bishop Nichols, who saw them safely started for the north.

Arrest in Oregon Likely.

Portland, Ore., March 26.—Should Miss Gladys Emery and her Japanese fiance attempt to obtain a marriage license in Oregon they will find that the state laws forbid the marriage of whites with orientals. The district attorney announced today that should they appear on the streets of Portland arm in arm they will be arrested.

It is reported that the Aoki-Emery party will proceed northward to Tacoma or Spokane in their efforts to find some one to marry them.

Only a few days ago a Japanese and a white woman from Hollywood, Cal., stopped in Portland en route to Boise, Id., where they intended to be married. They were arrested. After this the woman agreed not to marry the Japanese and returned to California.

TRAMP FULL OF PERILS

Shackleton Party, Starving, Fought Their Way Inch by Inch.

Christiehurst, New Zealand, March 26.—Lieutenant Shackleton's ship Nimrod has returned here with the exploring party aboard, all of whom are well.

Prof. David and his companions recount that when they started on the journey to the magnetic pole the weather was so hot that they had to pull their two sledges in singlets. There was half a ton of provisions on each sledge. After a comparatively easy 250-mile journey along the sea ice, they had a hard and almost hopeless climb to the inland plateau. They carried their lives in their hands, fighting their way inch by inch and suffered great privations on the return journey. When rescued by the Nimrod they were a party of gaunt skeletons; the Nimrod had almost given them up for lost.

The members of Lieutenant Shackleton's party state that when they were compelled to turn back their bodily strength was diminishing so rapidly that their temperature went down to far below normal, in some cases reaching to 93 degrees and in others considerably lower than that. They nearly died from starvation before finding one of the depots, and were always on very short rations.

Had this party been two days later in reaching the Nimrod she would have been frozen in for another season. They declare that any future explorer attempting to reach the pole must be provided with much larger supplies of food, because there is no doubt the south pole is situated on a high plateau and that the coldest and stormiest weather in the world prevails there, there being seventy degrees of frost under the very mildest conditions.

FITS I wish every person in the U. S. suffering with FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS to send for one of my large-sized 16-ounce bottles **FREE**

DR. F. E. GRANT, Dept. 283 Kansas City, Mo.

Flower Post Cards and our large Bargain list sent for 10 cents. Beautiful, rich colored Dahlias, Chrysanthemums, Forget-me-nots, Violets, etc. F. HERMAN & CO., Dept. 28, Union Bldg., CHICAGO. 25 FOR 10c

MARRY BEST PLAN ON EARTH, sent FREE. PHOTOS OF EVERY LADY MEMBER. THE PILOT, Dept. 38 Marshall, Mich.

MARRY Catalogue, with hundreds of photos and descriptions FREE. Pay if mited. SELECT CLUB, Dept. 46, TEKONSHA, MICH.

MARRY RICH Big List of Descriptions and Photos Free (Sealed) Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c, FRAMES 15c, sheet pictures 1c, stereoscopes 25c, views 1c. 30 days credit. Samples & Catalog Free. Consolidated Portrait Co., 338-51 W. Adams St., Chicago.

LADIES Let us send you FREE a 50 cent Box of VITA SANA, a Home Treatment for Female Diseases. Write now. EDWIN MERGER CO., Dept. M., DETROIT, MICH.

A Message to MEN Manly Vigor Given by Mexican Balm

or no pay. Brings development, health and vitality. Quick results guaranteed or money refunded. Strong, but harmless. Large box $1.00. Generous sample sealed, 10 cents. Wentworth Co., Dept. N, 116 Nassau Street, New York.

VALUABLE BOOK FREE A Plea for the Normal.

This book tells you all about Nature's method of Cure. It tells you how to cure all diseases without taking drugs or medicines. There is more suffering from drugs than from disease. We want to put one million books in the hands of Intelligent readers. TOXO-ABSORBENT CO., 2 Church St., Rochester, N. Y.

WOMAN Listen: A secret every married woman should know; particulars for 2c stamp. Secret Formula Co., Fountaintown, Ind.

ST. VITUS' DANCE Sure Cure. Get circular. Dr. Fenner, Fredonia, N.Y.

COME TO KING'S COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, and do better. Good land, water plenty, sure crops, corn, cattle, hogs, dairying, alfalfa, raisin grapes, peaches. Send for booklet and local newspapers FREE. Learn the truth. Address CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, Dept. T, Hanford, Calif.

WANTED—Railway mail clerks. Salary $800 first year. Examinations everywhere May 15th. Preparation free. Franklin Institute Dept. H 40, Rochester, N. Y.

SELL Tobacco and Cigars locally or traveling. Salary or commission. Full time or side line. Good pay; promotion; experience unnecessary. Address Morotock Tobacco Works, Box V-34, Danville, Va.

LADIES and gentlemen wanted to join my correspondence and post card clubs. H. J. Teeple, 818 Eighth st., Decatur, Ind.

WE WILL GIVE A RURAL MAIL BOX —the best and handsomest galvanized steel rural mail box made, to the person sending address of party canvassing for petitions for new rural route; write today. Kentucky Stamping Co., Dept. H, Louisville, Ky.

Every Woman Who Suffers from displacement, weaknesses, painful periods, or any disease peculiar to her sex, should write to us at once for free information regarding the most wonderful remedy ever discovered for these complaints. Descriptive booklet, full particulars, etc., FREE to any woman. Write today. Harris Medicine Co., Dept. 6, Sioux City, Iowa.

YOUNG MEN WANTED To learn automobile business by mail and prepare for positions as chauffeurs and repair men. We make you expert in ten weeks; assist you to secure position. Pay big; work pleasant; demand for men great; reasonable; write for particulars and sample lesson. Empire Automobile Institute, 416 Dake Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

WILL YOU MARRY?—If you want quick results try my plan, it's a success. S. Edwards, D Box 231, Marion, Ind.

BIG field for veterinary surgeons; $300 to $5,000 annually. We teach by mail. Particulars, address Box 733, Dallas, Tex.

A GOOD mild smoke. Box of 25 Payne's Porto Ricos, 75 cents. Payne's Marietta Stogies, $1.65 for box of 100. Mailed anywhere in U. S. No free samples. O. E. Payne, Marietta, O.

WRIGHT SHOW FREE To Be Given Where Big Crowd Can Gather.

Rome, March 27.—The proprietor of the field chosen by the military authorities for the exhibitions in aeroplane flying by the Wright brothers has doubled the rental originally asked for the use of the property and as a result the authorities are seeking another location.

No entrance fee will be charged. It is proposed to give the exhibition sufficiently far from a city to make impossible the gathering of very large crowds.

The artesian wells of Gulfport, Miss., a city of 10,000, drive the water with pressure enough for ordinary fire-fighting purposes.

The top of the Philadelphia city hall tower, over 500 feet above the street, may be utilized as a municipal wireless telegraph station.

$33.50 AND UP Only Galloway "BATH IN OIL" High Grade Separator—Direct

Save $25 to $50 direct at my factory-price—freight prepaid. Get the only Separator that runs in "Bath of Oil," like a $5,000 automobile. This alone is worth $50 extra, but costs you nothing extra. Take 90 Days' Farm Test—Freight Prepaid. Why pay $25 to $150 to dealers or agents who cannot sell you a separator equal to the Galloway—closest skimmer—easiest run—easiest cleaned—5-year guarantee. Send for BOOK FREE. WM. GALLOWAY CO., 1679 Galloway Sta., Waterloo, Ia.

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY

May we be blessed and guided on our pilgrim way, and may our hearts and hands be inspired to perform well our daily tasks.

MONDAY

Life's too short for grumpiness,—spend your little while
Looking for the Beautiful,—wearing of a smile.

TUESDAY

Why is it that we are not all kinder to each other than we are? The world needs it, and it is easily done.

WEDNESDAY

As there is now in the earth, so there is always in human souls a springtide ready to burst forth into beautiful living.

THURSDAY

Wherever the morning breaks and the sunshine falls upon human faces, may its cheer make homes happy and true, men and women good, and little children joyous.

FRIDAY

May we have courage, love and faithfulness, to conquer adversities and fulfill our duties.

SATURDAY

Do not fear to hope.
Work on! One day, beyond all thought of praise
A sunny joy will crown thee with its rays.

THE ANGEL SIDE

ELIZABETH AYRES

THERE is a poem which has for its theme, "we've all our angel side," and it is a comforting sort of thing to read when one gets wrong with the world and loses faith in human kind.

It also arouses the question, "what's the matter with my angel side? Do I keep it in service, or is it reserved for occasional use when things are going in a way to please me and it is easy to be good?"

It's queer how difficult it is to always keep the angel side turned outward when this condition makes life so much pleasanter than it can possibly be when one is beset with anger, hatred and malice. Peace of mind and a gone-wrong temper are not on speaking terms, and peace departs when the other enters.

It is not so necessary to go looking for the angel side in others as it is to keep it alive in ourselves, though there is a fascination in seeking another's angel side and in discovering how it may be reached.

"One person I have to make good: myself."

This is an excellent rule to follow. On the surface it may seem selfish, but goodness begets its kind, and the bad is subdued when it is in the presence of goodness. There is one thing certain, while good is often sneered and scoffed at, while sayings like this: "Be good and you'll be lonesome," are considered witty; in the depths of everyone's heart goodness is respected and admired, and at some time, there comes the longing to be good, even at the risk of being lonesome. This longing is the voice of the angel side, struggling for recognition; one of the still, small voices whose prisoned words we too often refuse to give release.

You may laugh at the idea and call it sentiment; you may think in the practical affairs of everyday life the angel side has no place; you may strive to crush it out, believing the angel and the world have nothing in common, but it is there, just the same, and frequently arises at some unexpected moment, prompting you to kinder deeds than you had intended.

We often read or hear of someone who, after years of delay, tries to make atonement for a wrong he has committed. "Because he was troubled by his conscience," is the reason usually given and accepted. Conscience is only another word for the angel side, and a troubled conscience is the sign of the angel's existence.

In fiction it always requires a climax of some sort to bring out the angel side; a climax that brings an awakening and a revulsion of feeling. In real life this occurs also, but if the existence of the angel side were kept constantly in mind and its dictates followed many a climax of tragedy and sorrow might be prevented.

In all there is an inner depth, though, for some strange reason most of us are unwilling to reveal it. We assume the pose of carelessness, indifference, callousness, pessimism—anything to hide that we have sincerity of human feeling, but the sham goes down before a sudden strong appeal to the good that lies dormant.

Why not acknowledge that you have an angel side? It need not be shouted from the housetops, or insistently proclaimed, but acknowledge it to yourself; cultivate it as you would cultivate a talent, and cherish it as a rare possession. There is much of good in the worst of us, and one thing we have to do is to honor this good with recognition and to hold it uppermost in thought and action.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer; scattering sunshine along the way.

A THANKFUL HEART

I enjoy reading the letters in The Blade, and find the talks by the Cozy Corner sisters interesting and helpful, recalling to mind the following lines written by George D. Gelwicks:

The world is dark, but you are called to brighten,
Some little corner, some secluded glen;
Somewhere a burden rests that you may brighten,
And thus reflect the Master's love for men.

When we can, by our cheer and kindness, cast a gleam of sunshine into some heart oppressed, let us strive to use the opportunity. "The spirit of Christ is the spirit of service."

Mrs. D. W. Zimmerman, Salome from Mich., Yours of the Far Away, Sunbeam, Pauline, Mrs. W. H. Fogleman and Alma E. Squire, come again. Descriptive letters are very interesting to me. I will make an attempt to tell where we live. Our home is in the northwestern part of the dear Little Mountain state, on the banks of Middle Island Creek, which is said to be the largest stream called "creek" in the world. The locality is lovely, although the hills prevent a far distant view of the surrounding country. I see very little of the outer world, as I am a shut-in, but I am an admirer of natural scenery. I love all earth's beauty and grandeur, and it is an untold pleasure to be able to sometimes sit in my chair on the veranda, or to lie in the hammock when the weather is warm and pleasant, and gaze out over the lovely green fields and watch the birds and hear them sing their glad songs. Just on the opposite side of the creek is a steep hillside with projecting rocks, low evergreen ferns, and trailing wild vines, which would certainly be a beautiful scene for the artist's brush. I am truly thankful I am permitted to look out upon even this one little spot of the great universe. Wishing you all much true happiness, I am—Malta Smith.

DESCRIPTIVE OF VIRGINIA

Having seen a request for a description of Virginia, I will write a few lines from the snow-capped hills of the southwestern part of the state. Virginia is a mountainous country, abundantly rich in coal and other resources. The climate is healthful. The land is fertile. The country is one of great promise. United States geographical survey of some of the counties of southwest Virginia reports in the midst of the Appalachian coal fields an area of 550 square miles in which the coal has not been extensively prospected. The fields described include all Dickson county. It is a heavily wooded, thinly populated, mountainous district, made up of steep-sided, narrow-topped ridges. Sand Ridge, which has a general elevation of 3,000 feet, forms the southeastern boundary of the field. The Pine mountain, of equal elevation on the dividing line of Virginia and Kentucky, forms the northwestern boundary. The undeveloped condition of coal resources of this region make it impossible to name and describe the extent of various coal beds in the field, although evidence collected shows it to be a valuable field of bituminous coal. The coal is of high grade, and there is evidence that some, if not all, will coke.

Virginia, the oldest of the original thirteen states, is sometimes called the Old Dominion, and is one of the largest of the Atlantic states. The Alleghany mountains and the Blue Ridge cross the state nearly parallel to each other. The country lying between the mountains, varying from 30 to 70 miles in breadth, is the celebrated Valley of Virginia and is called the garden spot of the state.

Virginia is one of the leading states in the production of tobacco and garden vegetables. It also produces wheat, corn, oats and hay. The price of land varies from $10 to $50 per acre, in the mountain part. In the valley it is much higher. With best wishes for the Cozy Corner—Virginia Mountain Boy.

JUST A FEW LINES

As I have enjoyed reading the letters in the Cozy Corner for the past four years, I thought I would write a few lines for the sisters.

We have a farm of fifty acres in the northern part of Indiana. My husband teaches school in the winter and is a farmer in the summer, raising farm crops and stock. I have two cows and seventy chickens, and from them I get most of my spending money. This is a great help, as we owe some on our place and wish to be square with everybody. I have a good, kind husband. As this is my first trip to the Cozy Corner, guess that I have written enough for this time. Yours truly—Mrs. Hoosier Puer Poeta.

SAVE THE PENNIES

Dear friends of the Cozy Corner—There have been so many requests about how to make money on the farm and in town. I firmly believe in the old saying—a penny saved is a penny earned. We do not need to bring in ready cash to make money, especially on the farm.

Our family consists of three, and during the busy season we have one hired man.

We have two good cows and about seventy hens. From the butter and eggs that are sold I keep the table going, as the saying is. That includes groceries, vegetables and flour, besides buying everyday wearing apparel for the family. We never pay over $5 cash, year in and year out, for "store bill," so you see that saves from $50 to $100 a year.

I usually have a few turkeys and chickens to sell, but I am not very successful in that line—there is far more money in the eggs for me.

I know of a few families who have from eight to ten cows, and a cream separator. They make from $7 to $12 per week with their butter by having it engaged for 25 cents to 30 cents per pound. Women who live in town and know how to sew could make clear money at that it seems to me, for as a rule, country people are too busy to do their own seying in the summer, and if one would sew at reasonable prices there would be plenty of it to do.

For instance look at the average washwoman. Hers is a hard lot, but she makes money.

One can get from 50 cents to $1 for a weekly washing, and it can be done in half a day, so that is real good pay, is it not?

Christ says. "Earn thy bread by the sweat of thy brow so any work that is honorable we should not hesitate to do, if it need be done to live.—Illiana.

INQUIRIES

Will some one send me a way of removing mildew stain from white goods? and oblige—Mrs. E. C. McQuain.

Will some one advise me how to finish bedroom floors so I shall not need to use carpet, as I am not able to handle it. The floors are of basswood, with large cracks between the boards. I should like to know some inexpensive way of fixing them.—Hopeful Housewife.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

"My mother used to have a way of taking down the Bible, opening it at random and reading the seventh verse. She said it invariably gave you a clew to the solution of your difficulties."

Mrs. H. H. DeVore writes: "Why do we not hear from the Grangers through the letters? I belong to Keystone, No. 901. We have more than 100 members and are building a fine hall."

H. Greeley Miller: Are you sure "This Is the Winter of Our Discontent" is the title of a song? The line is from one of the famous speeches in Shakespeare's play, Richard III.—Editor.

May Lewis—I thank you very much for your commendation. Every little bit like that helps.—Editor.

We have the pleasure of acknowledging letters from Salome of Maryland, Bessie, Hopeful Housewife, Subscriber, and Mrs. L. H. Corson.

Please do not write for addresses of our letter writers. These are something we do not supply. Editor.

LETTERS FROM THE CHILDREN

WHICH IS YOUR WAY?

If anything unkind you hear
About some one you know, my dear,
Do not, I pray you, it repeat
When you that someone chance to meet;
For such news has a leaden way
Of clouding o'er a sunny day.
But if you something pleasant hear
About someone you know, my dear,
Make haste—to make great haste were well—
To her or him the same to tell;
For such news has a golden way
Of lighting up a cloudy day.

I am a boy thirteen years old and have a brother who is two. I live on the banks of the largest creek in the world. It is named Middle Island. It got its name because it emptied its waters against the middle of a large island in the Ohio river. I live close to an old-time water mill. It has corn and wheat burrs and a sawmill attached.

The creek is noted for its fine scenery. One of the most noted scenes is what we call the Jug Handle. The creek makes a round of seven miles and comes within 40 or 50 feet of itself where once stood a water mill. There are about 500 acres in the enclosure. This is a crooked stream, with many rocks and large fish, namely pike, catfish, bass and numerous others.

We have an evergreen Sunday school. I am trying to win a prize, which is a Bible, for the ones not missing a Sunday during the year. I have only two more to go until my year is up. We have not taken The Blade very long, and I am always anxious for it to roll in. As this is my first letter I will not be too lengthy.—The Mountain State Boy.

I am a little girl nine years old. I live with my father and mother in the southeastern part of the Panhandle of West Virginia. I go to school every day. I have a mile to walk through a large forest. I study geography, history, physiology, grammar, arithmetic and spelling. My sister is my teacher. I have two pet chickens and a duck. I feed them every morning and night. I like to tend to my flowers in the summer. We have a beautiful lawn. It is filled with beautiful flowers in the summer. I will sign my name—Little Rosebud.

I live out among the hills on the Pacific coast where we have a very agreeable climate. We very seldom have cold weather, but this year we had about 20 inches of snow. Mostly every kind of fruit can be raised here. The people of this part of our state raise more wheat than any other product. We live in a little village. The school is right at the door. I have two brothers in school. My cousin teaches school and boards with us, so we have fine times.—The Little Oregon Girl.

I am a girl of thirteen years, and thought I would write a short letter. I took a trip to Chicago and passed through some large towns, parts of which were brilliantly lighted, where the wheels of industry were busy at work, showing to some extent the amount of manufacturing done in that section of the country.

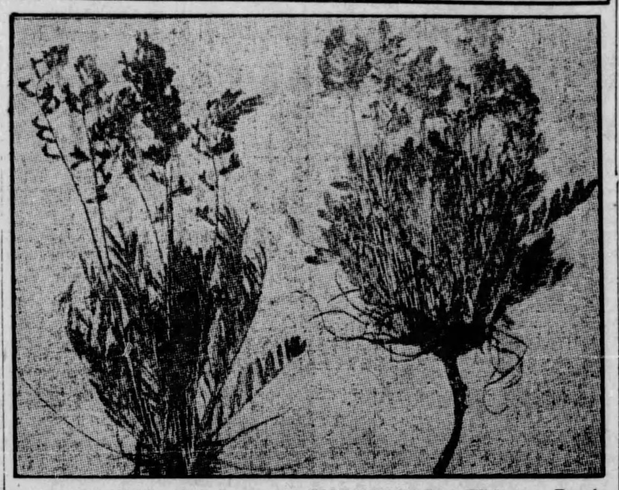
I took my first ride on the elevated railway and remained in Chicago two weeks, during which time I saw many interesting things. I paid a visit to Lincoln Park, where I saw many rare and gorgeously colored birds and wild animals, as well as other sights of interest.—Ohio Girl.

I am a little girl ten years old, living in Michigan near the Hog creek. It used to be called the Prairie river. It winds about so much that the farmers called it Hog creek. In the spring we catch nice fish, and sometimes my sisters and I go wading, sometimes we have a boat ride. When there is snow enough we go coasting down hill. I take music lessons of my mamma. I go to school most of the time, but just now I am not. My eldest sister is teaching school. Some of my favorite story books are these: Big People and Little People of Other Lands, Aunt Martha's Corner Cupboard, and The Five Little Peppers. Your friend—Marguerite.

I am a little girl ten years old. I live a mile and a half from Temperance, Mich. I live on a farm of 50 acres. We have six cows and two horses. Their names are Dan and Pansy. I am in the sixth grade at school. For pets I have two cats. Their names are Clarence and Topsy. I have five dolls. Their names are Hilda, Hattie, Catherine, Florine and Ethel. I like to sew and read. I have no sisters but have one brother. He is in Monroe high school. I will close for this time. If I ever see this in print I will write again.—Lydia Winslow.

I am a little girl 13 years old. I live in a little town by the name of Rockcastle in West Virginia. My papa has a store and postoffice. There are three stores, a harness shop and a blacksmith and millinery shop and a doctor and a flour mill. I go to school, and like my teacher. I read in the fifth reader and lots of other books.—Dicie E. Casto.

STORY OF THE LOCO PLANT



HAIRY LOCO.—Gray Leaves. COMMON LOCO.—White or Purple Flowers and Gray Leaves.

Whenever you go to Colorado, or in any other part of the cattleman's country, you will find the word "locoed" applied both to animals and to men, to indicate that something is wrong with the subject mentally, allowing that animals have minds. Perhaps you start from a livery with a fine span of four-year-olds, perfect mates, only to find that one of them is to be watched without ceasing. This one may be afraid of every calf that looks through a wire fence, or of rabbits, or the whistle of prairie dogs, or sometimes bolting without apparent cause, as if struck by a whip. The driver always tells you that the horse is locoed, and as you drive along the prairie or in many places in the mountains, he will show you the loco plant by the wayside. It is a silvery-gray plant of the pea family, seldom more than 8 inches high, and covering a space of the size of a very large dinner plate, often much smaller, but always appearing thrifty and defiant of the midsummer heat. The leaves are pinnated, or with a central stem from which project each way narrow leaves; these are covered with a fur-like growth, giving the plant a slightly fuzzy appearance.

The flowers come early, from May to July, and grow upon slender stalks above the center of the plant; they are at the tops of the stalks and are generally purple and shaped like blossoms of the larkspur; some loco plants have white blossoms. They are all very attractive, but will not keep at all well after being cut, as they turn black in a few hours.

The loco plant grows regardless of elevation, but is not found everywhere; some pasture grounds are notorious for the number of cattle that are lost from its effects. It is not hard to kill but it takes time and money to eradicate it, and dead cattle are preferred if cheaper than the expense of saving them.

Regarding loco many differ. A plant called rattleweed, akin to the one described, is also called by the same name and probably does the same work. The origin of the name of the loco plant is not known; it is related to the locust tree in a distant way and its single flowers are after the same model. Some learned men claim that the loco plant is not injurious to cattle; some of the same men also say that the rattlesnake is not usually dangerous; and in a great many miles of driving on the loco ranges, I have never seen a plant that had been cropped or injured by cattle. It would look as if cattle generally passed it by; in many cases gramma grass springs up with it, but both are untouched.

Generally, however, the story runs that a cow or horse, finding the loco weed the first and freshest plant on the range in the spring, is driven by hunger to eat it. The effects are supposed to be after the nature of opiates and an appetiate is soon created that makes a "dope fiend" of the animal. It becomes thin, loses appetite and energy, and in all other ways takes after the opium victim in its symptoms. There is no cure for the symptoms or recovery possible with a chance to get more loco.—Charles F. Allen in Sports Afield.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can.
Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Everyone will be glad that New England Girl has at last appeared to explain her delay in coming to the reunion. Personally, I was "hurted in my feelings" about it, since she had promised to bring a welcome sign to place over the door; but now, all is well, and, while I do not believe in attaching a moral to every tale, this incident serves to show that appearances are frequently deceitful, and it never pays to "get fussed."—Miss Prudence.

What's that? Anything wrong with New England Girl? Well, I should say there was. The fact is, she is all wrong, and all because of her own carelessness. Why didn't she attend the reunion? Listen, my friends, and she will tell you. When the reunion was first mentioned, the aforesaid young woman resolved not only to be present, but also to go early so as to be in line and help Miss Prudence received the others. About three weeks before the appointed time she donned her best "bib and tucker" and started for The Blade office. She arrived there in due season with her "Welcome" under her arm, but she entered the wrong door, at least she supposes she did, for in spite of all she could do or say she was very unceremoniously escorted back to the railway station, and actually crammed into one of Uncle Sam's mail pouches and put on board an eastbound train, and next she knew she was back home again. And "a madder woman ne'er drew breath" when she discovered it was all her own fault, because she had failed to write those magic words, "Household Dept.," upon her ticket.

New England Girl's disappointment did not prevent her from enjoying one of the best reunions ever yet held by the M. G. R.'s, and it made her heart glad to read the pleasant greetings and kind letters of so many of the older members.

How could it be otherwise with Isabel, G. M. Boy, Bonnie Burnie, Hoosere Puer Porta, Zack Stubbs, Indiana Wabash, and all the others who were in attendance. And we have pleasant memories of many others who met with us years ago, and who doubtless would have attended could they have been informed by wireless how much pleasure a few words from them would have given the rest of us. Some of their names have already been called, but I will add a few more, and if these respond I may try others. I will begin, not with "the three Rs," but with the three Is—Inda, Irma and Illinois. Then there are Jennie Long, Forest Neeley, El Homo, Phrenologist, Va. Charlie, and Broncho Bill. Where are they? Quien Sabe? And last, but not least, where, oh, where, has our Philosopher gone? Has he become lost beneath an avalanche of big words like he used to hurl at our poor defenseless heads?

I don't like to tell tales out of school, but let me whisper to those inquiring after the "Doctor" that that particular M. G. R., after wandering about in other climes, returned to the U. S. several years ago and took unto himself a wife—"the fairest of Alabama's fair daughters," so he said, but he failed to state whether or no he used his brain scales to aid him in his choice. I may tell more tales, if others don't speak for themselves.

Florida Old Man, don't get discouraged just because one letter went astray in the mails, but follow my example and try again—and quick, too, lest our curiosity runs away with us.

First you introduced us to a very attractive lady wearing an M. G. R. badge. Next she was sitting opposite you while you wrote to us. This was followed by a trip to foreign lands, whereupon we, Yankee fashion, immediately began to prepare our congratulations; but ere they were sent you returned and said you were not wed, and of the M. G. R. lady we have heard—"nevermore." Now, Old Man, pardon the abbreviation, and please explain yourself, and then tell us about your travels. I have friends in Florida and who knows but they may be your friends, too? Were you at the famous Ormond-Daytona races? They were there.

There are others of whom and with whom I would speak, but I fear the stock of editorial patience is almost exhausted, so I'll not try it more.—New England Girl.

P. S.—The lady in the mask looked like "Helen."

Not long ago I received the first paper of a year's subscription to the dear old Blade, and forgetting that the supper dishes were not washed I turned eagerly to the old familiar page, and there it was, unchanged, except some few things for the better. I feel I have missed many good things by not having the paper so many years. Had it not been just at reunion time in the M. G. R. I fear most of the names would be strange to me, and I doubt if anyone recognizes me now, unless it be Ferne Hazelton, Bitter Sweet, Prairie Flower or Forest Neeley.

When first I came among you, fifteen years ago next May, I think it was, I was a country schoolma'am, teaching my first year, and now I am an old married woman, and my husband and I are "holding down" a claim in Montana. We have a dear little baby boy, two years old, who drives away the faintest shadow of loneliness or blues. Are there any other M. G. R's living in Montana?

I will try not to wear out my welcome this time for I want to come again and become acquainted with the new members, and see some of the old ones.

With kind regards, I am as of old.—Queen Mab.

At a summer assembly I heard a lecturer while giving advice to old maids, say they each should try to be worthy of a king among men, and even should he never come their way, it would pay well to be worthy.

Who are the kings among men? Surely he must have meant noble men; men whose deeds and even thoughts are good. The Bible says, "As a man thinketh so is he." It is noble in both men and women "to do right because it is right." Whether people know or not; to carry the golden rule into everyday life and be above cheating, and to be strictly truthful. Many people tell falsehoods carelessly, others to make things appear better for themselves and others, like Dickens' generous character, Tom, with a kind motive, Tom, although in great need of money, lent all he had to a needy friend, saying he did not in the least need it himself. It was noble in Tom to want his friend to take the money, but even in that case, would it not have been much better for Tom to have said, "Please be kind enough to accept this money. It can in no other way give me so much pleasure."

The authors of today almost spoil some of their best characters by allowing them to tell lies, I fear from what I read there is a growing tendency to disregard the truth. We all have more confidence in, and respect for, people who try to be perfectly truthful and I am glad I can say I am acquainted with many such people.

In a woman I particularly admire gentleness and patience. I have known a few women who seemed to have almost perfect patience. My ideal man and my ideal woman is the man or woman who has all the Christian graces.—Myrtle.

If you will admit a girl from the Empire state to your circle I will do my best to live up to your motto, which I think is a very good one.

I am a farmer's daughter and live on a farm of one hundred acres in the foot hills of the Adirondack mountains. On clear days we can see the St. Lawrence river from here, although it is about twenty miles away. The country is very beautiful as well as fertile, and dairying is the chief industry. I like country life very much and have lived on a farm all my life.

How many of the M. G. R's have kodaks? I have one and like the work. With best wishes to all.—Beverly.

I live in the good old Prairie state and love it dearly, but would like to visit every state in the union, for I love them all. We have taken The Blade for several years and could not get along without it; it is read and enjoyed by every member of our family. Little Meg's letters on "Girls' Faults" and "The Ideal Girl" were fine.

Blackeyed Clara, I feel interested in you, as I have black eyes myself. C. O. W. I would like to see some of those beautiful sights you told us of in your letter. Come again and tell us more about them.

"True worth is in being, not seeming,
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good, not in dreaming
Of great things to do by-and-by."

Please let us remember this quotation, and do as it teaches.—Anna.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

Today the robins and blue jays gave me a grand chorus for a "good morning." I hope you all had one as joyous.—Miss Prudence.

Since our symposium of wit and wisdom of the past week, letters have come to the column from Miss Ouri, W. Va. Schoolmaster, Olive Branch, Mary Teen from W. Va., and A Washington Sister.

Luther Jones: Your verses are received, and thank you for sending them, but there are so many who are waiting to see the poems they have requested appear in the Poet's Corner, we do not find it possible to use poems which have not been asked for.

TO COLOR EASTER EGGS

Although the shops are filled with eggs of every size, material and style of decoration, the average child feels aggrieved if not allowed to do some artistic work on his own account with a genuine "hen-laid" egg as the foundation. While dyes for coloring eggs can be purchased cheaply, beautiful colorings can be obtained at home without money and without price. The skin of an onion boiled for a few moments gives a good shade of red or orange, saffron gives yellow, and spinach or parsley a delicate green. If a flower pattern is desired, a piece of new calico wrapped smoothly around the egg and then boiled will leave color and pattern behind. If a different name or motto is desired upon the tinted egg, write with liquid fat on the shell of the egg, and let it stand long enough to "set," before putting in the dye. This keeps the shell from taking the color wherever the tracing was applied, and the motto, name or picture comes out in pure white.—The April Delineator.

BEE AND THE BABY

Her whole name was Beatrice Florence Loudley, but everybody called her Bee. Aunt Margaret was visiting at her home with little Robert, and Bee greatly enjoyed the privilege of taking him to ride in his carriage

One day several girls stopped at the door and asked Bee to go down town with them .

"I can't now; I'm taking care of Robert," she answered.

"Bring him along," they suggested; and so he was put into the carriage, and they all started for the postoffice.

"There's Helen Slade," cried Bee, "and she's got here little niece out for a ride. Hello, Helen! Come along down to the postoffice with us."

Helen joined the party, and just as they reached the office, a third girl with a baby carriage appeared. The babies were all left sitting in front of the building, while the girls went in to inquire for the mail. When they returned, Helen suggested that they all go with her to the grocery store, and on they went.

Each girl had an errand somewhere, and each time the babies were left out in front to wait. Sometimes one of the girls stayed with them, and sometimes, if the errand was a brief one, they were left alone. At last they all started for home, and at the corner they separated saying their good-byes hurriedly, for it was nearly supper time. When Bee reached home, Aunt Margaret came out and peeped under the parasol on the carriage, saying, "Peek-a-boo, Robert. Did you enjoy your ride? Did you—For mercy's sake!" and she stepped back and viewed the carriage, and then looked at Bee, and then at the carriage again. Finally she snatched the baby out and began to examine it.

"Why, Aunt Margaret, what's the matter?" asked Bee, who could see no reason for all this strange excitement.

"Why, Beatrice Londley, this isn't my baby at all. This is somebody else's, and where is Robert?"

"Why, that must be Robert, auntie. I haven't—"

"Why, my dear child, don't you see? This child has golden hair and blue eyes, and you know Robert has black hair and eyes."

"But, auntie, I don't see——"

Just then Helen Slade came hurrying along wheeling a baby carriage, and, as soon as she could get her breath, she exclaimed:

"Oh, Bee, Caroline says this isn't her baby at all, and that I must have exchanged with you."

And, sure enough, that was Robert. Aunt Margaret began to laugh, and Bee looked very much ashamed as she said:

"Well, anyhow, the carriages are almost exactly alike, and I never looked under the parasol to see whether it was Robert or not."

"Neither did I," said Helen, as she took her little niece and started down the street.—R. F. Knapp, in Sunday School Times.

THE POETS' CORNER

HOW DEACON ADAMS ADMONISHED HIS SON

What's them things in your pocket, Jake, abulgin' out so, hey?
What, apples? After all my good advice you mean to say
You've been a stealin' apples again on the Sabbath day?
A-stealin'? Hain't I told you 'tis a sin to steal a pin
And stealin' apples Sundays is a blamed sight meaner sin?
But you will keep a stealin' them time and time again.
Sweet apples too, I'll venture, the sickliest kind of thrash!
Such condemned foolish wickedness beats patience all to smash.
I wouldn't had it happen—not for fifty cents in cash.
To steal sweet apples Sundays is no ways to behave,
If you dodge the cholera morbus, you'll live to be a knave
And bring my wig and nat'ral hair in sorrow to the grave.
You'd make a pretty deacon, wouldn't you? Why, look at me,
Did I get to be a deacon by petty larceny?
No, stealin' is too risky for genuine piety.
We needn't always tell the truth to spile a trade that's brewin",
For if you don't take strangers in, in trade, why they'll take you in.
But stealin' apples Sundays, is the road to moral ruin.
I don't see, Jacob, where you get your streak for thievery,
It ain't the Adams style, the Adamses was jist like me
And on your mother's side, the Browns are famed for honesty.
I hope, I really hope that you won't steal again my lad,
For if you should get ketched at it, t'would make me very sad.
H'm—Jacob—hain't you got a good sweet apple for your dad?

THE COUNTRY JUSTICE

"The snow is deep," the Justice said;
There's mighty mischief overhead."
"High talk, indeed!" his wife exclamed:
"What, sir! shall Providence be blamed?"
The Justice, laughing, said "Oh, no!
I only meant the loads of snow
Upon the roofs. The barn was weak;
I greatly fear the roof will break.
So hand me up the spade, my dear—
I'll mount the barn, the roof to clear."
"No!" said the wife: "the barn is high,
And if you slip, and fall, and die,
How will my living be secured?
Stephen, your life is not insured.
But tie a rope your waist around
And it will hold you safe and sound."
"I will," said he. "Now for the roof—
All snugly tied and danger-proof!
Excelsior! Excel— But no!
The rope is not secured below!"
Said Rachel, "Climb, the end to throw
Across the top, and I will go
And tie that end around my waist."
"Well, every woman to her taste;
You always would be tight-laced.
Rachel, when you became my bride,
I thought the knot securely tied;
But lest the bond shall break in twain,
I'll have it fastened once again."
Below the arm-pits tied around,
She takes her station on the ground,
While on the roof, beyond the ridge,
He shovels clear the lower edge.
But, sad mischance! the loosened snow
Comes sliding down, to plunge below.
And as he tumbles with the slide,
Up Rachel goes on t'other side.
Just half way down the justice hung;
Just half way up the woman swung.
"Good land o' Goshen!" shouted she;
"Why, do you see it?" answered he.

The couple dangling in the breeze,
Like turkeys hung outside to freeze,
At their rope's end and wit's end, too,
Shouted back and forth what best to do.
Cried Stephen, "Take it coolly, wife;
All have their ups and downs in life."
Quoth Rachel, "What a pity 'tis
To joke at such a time as this!
A man whose wife is being hung
Should know enough to hold his tongue."
"Now, Rachel, as I look below,
I see a tempting heap of snow,
Suppose, my dear I take my knife,
And cut the rope to save my life?"
She shouted, "Don't! 'twould be my death—
I see some pointed stones beneath.
A better way would be to call,
With all our might for Phebe Hall."
"Agreed!" he roared. First he, then she
Gave tongue: "O, Phebe! Phebe! Phe-e-be Hall!"
In tones both fine and coarse,
Enough to make a drover hoarse.
Now, Phebe, over at the farm,
Was sitting, sewing, snug and warm;
But hearing, as she thought, her name,
Sprang up, and to the rescue came,
Beheld the scene and thus she thought:
"If now a kitchen chair were brought,
And I could reach the lady's foot,
I'd draw her downward by the boot,
Then cut the ropes and let him go.
He cannot miss the pile of snow.
He sees her moving toward his wife,
And, ere he is aware, perceives
His head ascending to the eaves;
And guessing what the two are at,
Screams from beneath the roof, "Stop that!"
But Phebe answers with a laugh,
"Please tell a body by what right
You've brought your wife to such a plight?"
And then, with well directed blows,
She cuts the rope and down he goes.

The wife untied, they walk around,
When lo! no Stephen can be found.
They call in vain, run to and fro;
They look around, above, below.
No trace or token can they see,
And deeper grows the mystery.
Then Rachel's heart within her sank;
But, glancing at the snowy bank,
She caught a little gleam of hope—
A gentle movement of the rope.
They scrape away a little snow;
What's this? A hat! Ah, he's below.
Then upward heaves the snowy pile,
And forth he stalks in tragic style,
Unhurt, and with a roguish smile.
And Rachel sees, with glad surprise,
The missing found, the fallen rise.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER

The woman was old and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day.

The street was wet with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng.

Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"

Came the boys, like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.

Past the woman, so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way.

Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir.

Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troup—
The gayest laddie of all the group;

He paused beside her, and whispered low,
"I'll help you across, if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm

He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.

Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged and poor and slow:

"And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand.

If ever she's poor and old and gray
When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said

Was "God be kind to the noble boy,
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy!"

ENDURANCE

By Elizabeth Akers.

How much the heart may bear and yet not break!
How much the flesh may suffer and not die!
I question much if pain or ache
Of soul or body brings our end more nigh.
Death chooses his own time; till that is worn
All evils may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife
Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel,
Whose edge seems searching for the quivering life,
Yet to our senses the bitter pangs reveal
That still, although the trembling flesh be torn,
This, also, can be borne.

We see a sorrow rising in our way
And try to flee from the approaching ill;
We seek some small escape, we weep and pray,
But when the blow falls, then our hearts are still,
Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn,
But that it can be borne.

We wind our life about another life—
We hold it closer, dearer than our own—
Anon it faints and falls in deadly strife,
Leaving us stunned, and stricken, and alone;
But, ah! we do not die with those we mourn—
This, also, can be borne.

Behold we live through all things, famine, thirst,
Bereavement, pain, all grief and misery,
All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its worst
On soul and body—but we cannot die,
Though we be sick and tired, and faint and worn;
Lo! all things can be borne.

SWEET BUNCH OF DAISIES

Sweet bunch of daisies,
Oh, how dear to me!
Ever I hear them,
Whispering love of thee;
Murmuring so gently
In the silent theme
Of love's bright morning
Now one sad, sweet dream.

CHORUS.

Sweet bunch of daisies,
Brought from the dell;
Kiss me once darling,
Daisies won't tell,
Give me your promise
Oh, sweetheart do!
Darling I love you,
Will you be true?

Sweet withered daisies,
Treasured more than gold,
Bring back to memory,
Those sweet days of old,
When we together
Strolled through forest green
Gathering the daisies
Growing by the stream.

OLD INDIAN SONG

In the dark wood, no Indian nigh,
Then me look heaven and send up cry,
Upon my knees so low;
That God on high in shining place,
See me in night with teary face,
The priest did tell me so.

God seed me, now he knowed me here,
He said, "poor Indian, never fear,
Me wid you night and day."

God loved poor Indian in the wood,
So me love God and that be good,
Me praise him two times more.

So when time comes poor Indian die,
And go to good man in the sky,
And blanket leave behind.

Me have no need of wigwam there,
Me fathers habitation share,
With Jesus good and kind.

And with the angels we will sing,
Our praise to Jesus, conquering king,
Me then in glory be.

Me fathers children all be there,
All in bright glory have a share,
Amen, so let it be.

POEMS REQUESTED

A poem asked for has the lines:
The day was Easter—holy Easter.
In a quaint old southern town.

Where the Silvery Colorado Wends Its Way, and When the Snowbirds Cross the Valley, are two poems asked for.

The poem, of which the following is a part, is wanted:
The Flying Cloud was a clipper built,
Of three hundred tons or more.

Will some one send the verses entitled Many in One?

A song named The Grumbler is wanted. A part of it is:
In every town and city some people can be found,
Who spend their time in grumbling at everything around.

The old-time song, Lovers Once, but Strangers Now, is requested.

Does any one feel inclined to send the verses entitled Jeannie Morrison?

AFTER DOCTORS FAILED

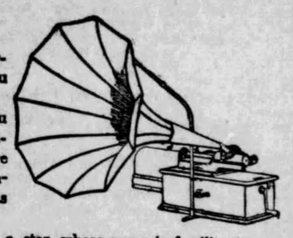
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cured Her.

Willimantic, Conn.—"For five years I suffered untold agony from female troubles, causing backache, irregularities, dizziness and nervous prostration. It was impossible for me to walk upstairs without stopping on the way. I tried three different doctors and each told me something different. I received no benefit from any of them, but seemed to suffer more. The last doctor said nothing would restore my health. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to see what it would do, and I am restored to my natural health."—Mrs. ETTA DONOVAN, Box 299, Willimantic, Conn.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled. It may be used with perfect confidence by women who suffer from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills, and suffering women owe it to themselves to at least give this medicine a trial. Proof is abundant that it has cured thousands of others, and why should it not cure you?

The next time you go to the city will you stop at a store where Edison goods are sold and hear an Edison Phonograph?



If you do you will be entertained—better entertained than you have any idea of.

Better entertained than you have been at many theatres or concert halls for the reason that here you may choose your entertainment rather than accept what has been arranged.

If you like opera selections, a star whose name is familiar to you will sing. If you prefer band or orchestra music, you can choose not only the band or orchestra from a number of celebrated aggregations, but also the music you wish to hear played.

If you like the popular music of the day—the song hits from the latest musical comedies—the singers who made those hits are there to do their best for you. Or, if you are in the mood for a good story the country's cleverest comedians will liven up the program with their fun.

Do this and you will be impressed with a number of things.

First, that the Edison Phonograph is a wonderful entertainer; the most wonderful of the age.

Second, that what you have heard is not an imitation of something better but a reproduction of all that is best in music and songs; the actual voices of famous singers and the actual notes of celebrated bands and orchestras.

Third, that you can, for a small amount of money, transfer this all-star company to your home and witness performance after performance, each one differing from the others and all of the highest order.

Farm life should not be all work; neither should rest time become monotonous. You, perhaps, come to the city frequently, but the wife and the children do not have that advantage. They miss much in the way of diversion that you enjoy.

Wouldn't they welcome the Edison Phonograph with its new songs, good stories and bright music?

The farm with an Edison Phonograph is not isolated, because it is in touch with the one great thing that keeps a farm from becoming so and that is clean, wholesome, fascinating entertainment.

Remember this the next time you are in the city. The Edison dealer will be pleased to demonstrate and explain the Edison Phonograph.

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO., 188 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.

CASTRO FOR REBELLION

Declares, on Leaving Paris, That Country Needs Him, Therefore He Goes.

Paris, March 25.—Cipriano Castro intends to re-establish his power in Venezuela, even if he has to head a revolution.

This is the declaration the former president made to a group of friends who went to the station this morning to see him aboard his train.

At the railroad station Senor Castro confided to a small group of Venezuelan adherents and admirers his intention of re-establishing his power in Venezuela by a revolution should this be necessary. After entering the car, where he donned the celebrated gold embroidered skull cap that has figurd in every description of Senor Castro when he was an occupant of the yellow house at Caracas, the deposed president of Venezuela leaned from a window and spoke to his countrymen with an earnestness and passion which left no doubt in their minds that he was convinced that he was another Napoleon returning from Elba to reconquer his country.

"Like Francis I., all is lost save honor," Castro declared. "I am back to Venezuela. My country needs me and my mission is there."

Continuing Senor Castro declared that his trip to Europe had been misunderstood both at home and abroad. He has come to the continent not only because he needed medical treatment, but also to serve his country by interesting foreign capital in Venezuelan industries. He spoke bitterly of the treachery of Juan Vicente Gomez, whom he left as vice president, and who has since been made president of Venezuela, and predicted that those now in control of the state would drive the country into bankruptcy.

"In six months' time," he asserted, "the present government will be unable to meet the obligations of the Republic."

In conclusion, Castro denounced as lies the stories of his fabulous wealth, and said he was not even rich enough to remain in Europe, where, furthermore, life had no attraction for him. His impassioned nature, he explained, yearned for activity and forced him again into the tumult. As the train pulled out of the station, Castro's parting words were:

"I believe that God and destiny call me back to Venezuela. I intend to accomplish my mission there, even though it involves revolution."

Castro's friends were much impressed with what he had to say. They asserted that he was a man of indomitable will, with supreme confidence in his own star.

Snake on Bill of Fare.

New York American.

Boa constrictor a la Canadian camp monkey saute, whale blubber omelet and whale meat roast, fresh from Vancouver Island were part of the edibles served at the annual dinner of the Canadian Camp at the Hotel Astor Tuesday night, March 2.

HELEN TRIES SUICIDE

Kidnaper of "Billy" Whitla Makes an Attempt to Jump From a Train.

Pittsburg, March 27.—In a desperate attempt to escape or kill herself, Mrs. Helen Boyle, implicated in the Whitla kidnaping case, tried to jump from the train this morning as it was passing through Valencia at 30 miles an hour.

Mrs. Boyle was en route to the Mercer county jail at Mercer, Pa., and was in charge of Sheriff Gumbert, of Allegheny county, and Detectives W. W. Perkins and Gilbert B. Perkins, Jr., Pittsburg.

The train had reached the Bakerstown Hill, a mile south of Valencia, when William Campbell, a railroad brakeman, opened the rear door of the chair car in which the woman and officers were riding.

The next instant Mrs. Boyle jumped from her seat and ran toward the platform of the car. Someone made a sharp cry and Brakeman Campbell slammed the door and faced the woman.

Mrs. Boyle quickly stepped into the lavatory and was attempting to open the window when Sheriff Gumbert forced his way into the little room and took possession of her. In the meantime the two detectives guarded the rear platform.

Immediately the car was in an uproar, Mrs. Boyle was taken out of the lavatory and escorted back to her seat and the guard never lagged again. As a precautionary measure the rear door was locked.

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To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine.

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LABEL MEN ORGANIZE

Gompers Heads Monment for New Department.

Washington, March 29.—Representatives of the sixty-nine union label organizations of the country gathered here today to form a union label department of the American Federation of Labor.

Consideration also was given to the subject of devising means for an economical, effective and comprehensive distribution of products bearing the union label.

President Gompers, of the Federation, who presided, pointed out that under the present method of each label organization working without the cooperation of other similar organizations, and wthout system, confusion followed, and necessarily not the best result were ecured.

Through the creation of a union label department he believed that cohelon, co-operation, and systematization among the various label organizations affiliated with the American Federation of Labor would result.

AGAIN IN FEAR OF WAR

Europe's Hope of Peaceful Outcome of Dispute Is Shattered by Austria.

Paris, March 25.—It is held in official circles here that the Balkan situation on account of the irreconcilable attitude of Austria-Hungary has now reached its most acute stage and that the next few days will decide between peace and war.

The efforts of Great Britain, France and Russia to present a formula for the settlement of the difficulty acceptable to Baron von Aehrenthal, the Austro-Hungarian minister of foreign affairs, having failed, Austria-Hungary is expected forthwith to deliver an ultimatum at Belgrade.

After this, if Servia refuses to make complete surrender, no doubt exists in Paris that Austria-Hungary will dispatch an army across the frontier.

The minister of war admits that "certain precautionary measures have been taken on account of the tension of the present European situation."

ANTONE YOUNG DIES

Special Telegram to The Blade.

Milbury, March 29.—Antone Young, a pionerr resident of Ottawa county, died at his home on the Woodville road Sunday at the advanced age of 86 years. He leaves six sons and two daughters. The funeral will be held Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock at the German church with burial at Willow cemetery, East Toledo.

KIDNAPERS INDICTED

Grand Jury of Cuyahoga Co. Takes Action—Identity Identity Fixed.

BULLETIN.

Cleveland, March 25.—The grand jury has reported an indictment against James H. Boyle and Helen Boyle, alias Falkner, charging them with blackmail. The charge is based on the payment of $10,000 ransom by J. P. Whitla for the recovery of his son, Willie, last Monday.

Sharon, Pa., March 25.—All the "sensations" that were expected to follow the identification of "Billy" Whitla's kidnapers have been abandoned.

The man and woman under arrest in Cleveland undoubtedly are the kidnapers, but the woman is not the one Sharon people expected.

All the family skeletons, which it was supposed, were to be brought out into daylight still are in their closets and it is not likely they will take an airing at the present time.

The woman in the case is believed to be some western woman who married Boyle and is unknown to members of the Whitla family. Her remark at the time of her arrest at Cleveland that "there will be hell in Sharon when Buhl hears of it," has, it is generally said, now no special significance.

Mr. Whitla is still in Cleveland, but the other members of the family arrived home last night. Today all refuse to be interviewed. They are tired of the great publicity given them since last Thursday and want no more of it.

Know Little About Boyle.

There are a few persons in Sharon who know much about James Boyle. His widowed mother, sister and four brothers are known and respected, but the man under arrest has been a wanderer for a number of years and little is known concerning him. It has now been established without a doubt that the woman now held at Cleveland is the same who accompanied Boyle to this city recently for the purpose of atending the funeral of John Boyle, owner of the Shenango house, an uncle. At that time Boyle introduced the woman as his wife.

Attempts were made this morning to establish a relationship between the woman and a prominent family in this city. The Sharon family own a large department store, but when a member was asked if the woman was a relative, denied it very emphatically.

The legal points of the case are occupying the attention of the detectives and attorneys today. One claim is made that the woman cannot be brought back to Pennsylvania to answer to a charge of kidnaping, as, it is said, she was not in the state when the commitment of the crime occurred. The man will be brought to Mercer county and tried for abduction. The woman, it is said, can be tried for conspiracy and used as a witness against the man.

Who Gets Reward?

There is a reward of $15,000 from the state of Pennsylvania for the captors of the abductors, and several thousand dollars additional from newspapers about the country. The question as to who is entitled to the reward interests a large number of people. When Detective Perkins, of Pittsburg, whose agency has been so prominent in the case, was asked for his views, he said:

"I believe the Cleveland police authorities are entitled to the reward. Captain Shattuck and Detective Wood certainly made the arrests, and I don't care a rap where they got their information. They did a clever piece of work. In fact I wish to compliment and congratulate Chief Kohler and his men on the admirable manner in which they handled the case."

Wife Puzzles Them All.

Interest centers in Boyle's wife. The slender blonde woman, who as Helen Faulkner or Helene McDonough, Boyle married in Denver a year ago, is an unsolvable problem to Sharon residents.

When she visited here at the time of the death of Boyle's uncle, she was received by the best people in Sharon, and was well liked.

The Boyle family is well respected here and when James H. or "Lefty" Boyle arrived here with the strikingly handsome wife, people were ready to believe that he had reformed from his shiftless ways and settled down. Boyle's mother, Mrs. Catherine Boyle, was well pleased with her new daughter-in-law, and she introduced her to her oldest and best friends.

Relatives of Boyle say that they have little hope of him escaping the charge of kidnaping. He has admitted to several relatives that the police have positive evidence against him in the case. He is "leaving it all to the woman," he has told his friends because "whatever she says goes."

Billy Whitla is the marble king of Sharon today. He received $7.80 witness fees for appearing before the grand jury in Cleveland. To this amount he added the 17 cents that "Jonesey" gave him and now he is investing in marbles.

Atmospheric conditions were such today that he could not play outdoors, but he and several of his boy friends are having the game of the year indoors at the Whitla home.

IDENTITY IS PROVED

Thomas Boyle Says Prisoner Is His Brother.

Cleveland, March 25.—The last doubt in the minds of the police officials as to the exact identity of the man held for the kidnaping of Willie Whitla, of Sharon, Pa., was removed today when Thomas F. Boyle, of Sharon, visited the prisoner. He said the prisoner is his brother James. It was expected by the police that the brother would complete the identification as they were practically certain of the information received Wednesday concerning the alleged kidnaper.

Thomas Boyle arrived here early today, and was allowed to see his brother at once. They had a long visit in the presence of Chief of Police Kohler. Arrangements were made between the brothers to obtain an attorney for the prisoner and prepare his defense. Up to then Boyle, the prisoner, had not consulted with a lawyer or taken any steps toward looking after his own interests.

Don't Care About Past.

The prisoner's brother also saw Mrs. Boyle, but could say nothing regarding her other than that she is the wife of James Boyle. He said he knew nothing of her, and that she is unknown in Sharon. The local police are making no effort to learn of the woman's past history or establish her intimate identity.

"We are not concerned with who the woman was," Chief of Police Kohler said today, "as she will be placed on trial in Pennsylvania. All we wanted to know is whether she was implicated in the kidnaping of Willie Whitla. We have captured her, have identified her as the 'nurse' who cared for Willie, have made a prima facia case, and when we have delivered her and Boyle to the Pennsylvania authorities, our connections with the case are at an end."

Attorney J. P. Whitla, father of Willie, accompanied by Chief of Police Crane, of Sharon, called upon Chief Kohler today. Their object in calling was to arrange the details for prosecuting Boyle and his wife. Mr. Whitla said he would lend every effort to this end, and expressed his desire to work in harmony with the officials.

Whitla also checked up the $9,848 taken from Mrs. Boyle. He identified the bills and their wrappings as those he prepared for the kidnapers, and which he paid over in the little East End candy store last Monday.

Mr. Whitla returned to Sharon today. It was stated at police headquarters that the prisoners would be released to the Pennsylvania authorities as soon as the extradition papers were signed. This may be completed today, but is not expected until tomorrow. Chief of Police Crane, of Sharon, will remain here and return with Boyle and his wife.

Chief of Police Kohler said today that there was absolutely nothing in the report that a second man was involved in the kidnaping.

"Boyle and his wife are the only ones implicated," he said. "There is no doubt about this."

Woman Admits All.

Following the positive identification of James Boyle and his wife Helen as the kidnapers of Billy Whitla yesterday, the woman finally broke down and admitted her part in the entire affair.

When first arrested by Captain Shattuck and Detective Wood Tuesday night Mrs. Boyle was defiant and refused to give up even her name. Yesterday, however, this mood entirely disappeared. Boyle still maintains stolid silence.

Both Boyle and his wire were identified yesterday afternoon by Billy Whitla. The woman made no attempt to hinder her identification. She greeted the youngster cordially and almost affectionately and the lad himself seemed to harbor no ill will toward her. She apparently took for granted that a brave front could at least do her no harm.

Chief Kohler did not attempt to make the woman's talk in his office a formal and signed confession. He says that she simply told all she knew, and that, in view of the conclusive nature of the evidence against her, a technically legal confession would be superfluous.

Accomplice Kills Herself.

Marie Diemer, identified as a woman who spent several hours Tuesday in Pat O'Reilly's Ontario street saloon in company with James H. Boyle and the woman held on suspicion of being the kidnapers of "Billy" Whitla, lies dead at the county morgue.

She collapsed as Detectives Spies and Kennedy were taking her to Central station and died in Charity hospital within an hour after the police had taken her from her room at the National Hotel.

George Wing, bartender at the O'Reilly saloon, positively identified the dead woman as one who joined the alleged kidnapers twenty minutes after they entered the place. The Diemer woman was accompanied by a man, who has not been seen since he left the saloon about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. The police learned of the woman and man joining the supposed kidnapers, and detectives were hurried out to locate them.

A search of the dead woman's clothing at the county morgue revealed a dram bottle of morphine almost half empty. Nothing else of consequence was found. The detectives believe she took the poison while they were waiting outside her room for her to dress and accompany them. They have formed no definite idea as to her connection with the alleged kidnapers, except that she probably knew something of the Whitla affair that Boyle and his woman companion wished kept quiet.

Whitla Praises Police.

In a signed statement, J. P. Whitla pays the following tribute to the police for their work in the case:

"I want to say in my own behalf and for my wife that I have the highest appreciation for the constant activity of the police all over the country in their efforts to locate the guilty parties.

"My great activity was for the recovery of the boy and it was toward that object that I was constantly striving and now that he has been returned to us I sincerely trust due punishment will be meted out to the guilty parties.

"I feel that Chief Kohler and his efficient corps of officers have been particularly vigilant and active in the apprehension of the criminals and wish specially to mention him and his associates in making recognition of police officers in general. Any reflections that have been made through the press upon any of the channels of justice have been unauthorized by me and are contrary to my views.

"Both the man and woman arrested by the Cleveland police have been positively identified by my son as his kidnapers. The man I know, I have known him for years. I have known him only by sight. His home is in Sharon. I understand his mother lives there, but that he had no permanent residence or occupation there.

"I never saw the woman before I faced her at police headquarters here."

FATHER IS GRIEF STRICKEN

Woman in Kidnaping Case Identified as Ann McDermott.

Pittsburg, March 26.—James Boyle was taken to the county jail at Mercer this afternoon. Mrs. Boyle will be kept in the jail here.

Chicago, March 26.—That William McDermott, a retired member of the Chicago fire department, is the father of "Mrs." Jas. H. Boyle, who, with her husband, is charged with the kidnaping of Willie Whitla, was confirmed by the grief-stricken father today.

Anna McDermott, according to her father, was, as a child, one of the prettiest, one of the brightest in the neighborhood. She was given every possible advantage of education and careful moral training, but as she approached womanhood she fell into company of which the old fireman did not approve. Quarrels were frequent and about three years ago Anna eloped. Since that time her history has been a blank to her Chicago kin. Even the name of the man with whom she cast her fortunes was unknown to them. They carefully read, from day to day, the story of the kidnaping of Willie Whitla, of his return to his parents and the arrest of the "Boyles," but they never dreamed of connecting "Mrs. Boyle" with winsome, headstrong Anna, who had deserted her home to follow unknown paths.

"They say she is pock-marked now," said Mr. McDermott. "She must have suffered from the disease since she left us, for then her skin was as fair as an angel's."

Mr. McDermott has two other daughters, who are married.

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WOMAN BLAMED FOR SHAKY CONDITION OF MARRIAGE

New York, March 27.—Marriage as it exists today is in a "shaky condition" and rapidly approaching a form of immorality, according to views expressed by Professor W. I. Thomas, of the University of Chicago, in an article on "The Older and Newer Ideals of Marriage" in the current issue of the American Magazine. Woman's imprisonment within the home, her "lack of intelligence" and her aversion for the frivolous are blamed by Professor Thomas for this condition of affairs.

Professor Thomas declares that "intelligent mothers" are extremely scarce and urges scientific training for child-nurture. He advocates activities outside the home. Matrimony, he says, is often an arrangement by which the woman "trades her unreproachable conduct in perpetuity for unreproachable gowns."

As Means of Luxury.

In presenting evidence to prove the need of scientific training of women, Professor Thomas says:

"At present women as a class not only have not the intelligence equal to the proper rearing of children, but they have completely accepted marriage as a means of luxury, or at least as a mode of livelihood, that they are apt to end by being contented to have nothing to do with children at all. Among the rich, especially, the woman who marries does so with the expectation of luxury and finery and the husband expects to provide them.

"And after marriage the department stores, the milliners, the massage parlor, the silent sacrament of bridge whist and the struggle for social pre-eminence almost drive the family and family life from her.

Compete With Castaways.

"To the extent, indeed, that women make finery and luxury dominant ideals and provide themselves with no charms of mind and character they are putting themselves and marriage as well, in competition with the abandoned class in which these are the dominant and sole class.

"It is also true that there never was a time in the history of the family when it stood so much in need of an intelligent mother. Morality is with reference to society, not to the appetites of the individual, and a theory or practice which restricts the interests of the mother and thereby stunts the life of the child is, in the profoundest sense of the word, immoral."

Professor Thomas departs from the view that monogamy is a cure for all evils in the married state. He says of this question:

"There are two errors concerning marriage, deply rooted in the popular mind and feeling—that monogamy is itself something which, if consistently practiced, will settle all the troubles attaching to the state of matrimony, and that the participation of woman in activities or interests outside the home will lead to the destruction of the family.

Abuses May Exist.

"The admirable point about monogamy, as practiced both by animals and mankind, is that it assures the offspring unremitting attention from both parents until the period of puberty, when the new generation is prepared to take up life on its own account. And the longer the period of immaturity in the offspring the more important is monogamy. But it is only an admirable form, within which, as we have seen, the most serious abuses may exist, and marriage is in its present shaky condition precisely because we have failed to fill the form with more intelligence and with more good will.

"The home, in so far as it represents the superiority of man, is the survival of a system which is outworn and abandoned. If the family is to continue woman must be recognized fully as a personality, and the home must become a part of society, while preserving its integrity. The preservation of the home, in fact, depends on woman's possession of an intelligence worthy of her influence and her responsibility, and this she can procure only by being of the outer world, as well as of the home."

Not all Sentiment.

Professor Thomas states that marriage should be a relation of "friendship and like-mindedness" rather than a purely sentimental one.

"Now, the romantic affection which springs up between young people is very sincere and very beautiful, and the proper beginning of a life in common," he says. "But it is an infatuation in its nature, dependent on appetite and to some extent on inaccessibility, and consequently tends to the impermanent and discontinuous."

SHAKES WITH TERROR

Kidnaper of "Billy" Whitla Unnerved on Reaching the Scene of His Crime.

Sharon, Pa., March 29.—Shaking as with palsy and fearing that a crowd of 300 persons at the Erie & Pittsburg railroad station might wreak its vengeance on him, James H. Boyle, the kidnaper of Willie Whitla, had to be assisted from the train when it reached here this afternoon.

In court Boyle, under the instruction of his attorney, waived a hearing, and will be returned to the jail.

There was no demonstration against the man, however, and the trip to the police station, two blocks away, was without event for the crowd following.

After leaving Mercer late this morning Boyle became very nervous. He asked Sheriff Chess a number of times whether he anticipated any trouble at Sharon. Although assured repeatedly that there would be none, Boyle was not satisfied. As the train pulled into the Sharon station, Boyle, through the window, saw the crowd, and collapsed. According to Sheriff Chess, Boyle is highly unstrung and apparently his entire nervous system is shattered.

Following the man's arrival here Attorney Cochran, representing Mr. Whitla, stated that Boyle had promised to waive a hearing. In this event the arraignment will be a mere formality and will last but a few moments. Boyle's counsel did not accompany him from Mercer.

Remember Boyle's Wife.

Kansas City, Mo., March 29.—According to the local police, Mrs. Helen Boyle, under arrest at Mercer, Pa., for the kidnaping of Willie Whitla, of Sharon, lived in Kansas City in the spring and summer of 1907, and was arrested here on a charge of forgery. She went under the name of Helen Parker, wife of a Frank Parker, who conducted a restaurant in East Twelfth street.

The woman was in the county jail from May 4 to June 17, when the case against her was dropped by the prosecuting attorney. Parker was released on bail June 17.

Demands Severe Punishment.

Mercer, Pa., March 29.—District Attorney Lininger today received the following letter:

Remington, Ind., Mar. 25, 1909.
M. J. Dininger, District Attorney, Sharon, Pa.:

Dear Sir—Pardon this note. We have heard there is a tendency on the part of Mr. Whitla to treat the kidnapers with clemency.

"It is the unanimous sentiment of this town and this section of the state for that matter, which feels like expressing itself in the form of a demand, that in order to minimize the repetition of such unspeakable outrages as this, that the abductors be punished to the full extent of the law.

Yours truly,
H. RANDELL LOOKOBYLE.
Pastor First Christian church.

Wrote Brilliant Letters.

Jefferson City, Mo., March 29.—Experts on identification of criminals in the Missouri penitentiary say the woman who was arrested with J. H. Boyle, in connection with the Whitla kidnaping case, is the same woman who visited Frank Miner, a convict from St. Louis, in the penitentiary here a few months ago, and whose letters to Miner from Sharon, Pa., in the last few months have been among the most brilliant letters received by any of the convicts. She was here in company with a man named Boyle, from Pennsylvania, and spent two days in Jefferson City on their way east from the Denver Democratic national convention.

Woman Kidnaper Who Puzzles Police

DEFEAT LIQUOR BILL

Measure to Revise Michigan Laws Is Voted Down.

Lansing, Mich., March 24.—The Ormsbee bill revising the general liquor laws of the state was defeated in the house last night, 49 to 46, winding up a talkfest that lasted nearly seven hours.

The result was a great surprise, as the liquor interests felt certain of at least 60 votes. Last night's actions probably means no liquor legislation this season unless a bill comes from the senate or some amendments are made to the present laws, but as the liquor interests are now bitter, they may, with the support of the administration, block anything attempted by the prohibitionists.

There was decided opposition to the provision giving present saloonkeepers preference in securing licenses and also to the clause making minors who might buy liquor equally guilty with the person selling it to them.

50,000 BOOKS Free To Men

Men, do you wish to get well surely and quickly and safely by your own personal efforts, in the privacy and secrecy of your own home? If so, if you are earnestly and really determined to get well, if you are tired of waiting on doctors who do not cure, if you are tired of spending money for NOTHING of health value, if you want to end disappointment, write today for this FREE BOOK for MEN.

It tells ALL about men's ailments in a way ANY man can understand and PROFIT by. It gives a man a mental GRASP and WORKING knowledge of his condition. But—best of all—it gives him POWER over it inasmuch as it shows him plainly WHAT TO DO—in the quiet and privacy of his own home—to get rid of his trouble. No matter what it may be, or how old and stubborn it may be, this book tells him just what to do.

If your trouble be vital weakness, nerve failure, general loss of power, organic disease, rheumatism, liver, stomach, kidney or bladder disease, blood poison, constitutional or inherited disease, you NEED this book NOW. It covers your trouble fully and tells you what you may do to overcome it—tells you how you may once more regain your full strength and manhood—by your own efforts—at home. Write today for a copy of this valuable book, prepaid, sealed and FREE.

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I Save You $28.75 on this Job Free Trial

Consumption Book FREE

This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

Write at once to the Yonkerman Consumption Remedy Co., 4040 Water Street, Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will gladly send you the book by return mail free and also a generous supply of the New Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have this wonderful remedy before it is too late. Don't wait—write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

BALLOONISTS BACK

Los Angeles, March 24.—After one of the most harrowing experiences in the history of ballooning, Captain A. E. Mueller and five companions, who ascended in the racing balloon "America" at Pasadena Saturday, landed in the Sierra Madre mountains two hours later and arrived on foot unharmed at Switzer's camp, on the slopes of Mount Wilson, yesterday.

Arriving at Switzer's camp yesterday afternoon they were provided with horses and began the descent of the mountain trail to Pasadena over a tortuous and slippery way.

In Air Two Hours.

The balloon was in the air less than two hours. It was carried by the strong north wind over the mile high summit of Mount Lowe, and swept on across the intervening peaks and canons to the lofty summit of Mount Gabriel. There ballast was thrown out and the balloon soared away toward Strawberry peak in the third range. Crossing this at low altitude, the balloon encountered a strong current of cold air which brought it rapidly to earth.

A successful landing was effected in Tejugga canon about 5 o'clock Saturday afternoon. The aeronauts wandered aimlessly over the mountains until 1:30 Sunday afternoon, when they came to Colby's ranch.

Storm in Mountains.

In the meantime a terrific snowstorm had swept over the mountains, and for hours the men suffered of cold.

Monday afternoon the storm ceased, and they took up the snow-choked trail across the mountains toward Pasadena. Yesterday afternoon they reached Switzer's camp, in the side of the moutains about ten miles from Pasadena by direct route. A party of rescuers on horseback was at Switzer's, having just returned after a twenty-hour search for the missing men.

With Capt. Mueller in the America were L. B. Gilliam, Richard Halstead, Sydney Gray, Harold Parker and Edward Dodschutz, all residents of Pasadena.

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Wants to put 100,000 new customers on its books within the next few weeks and as an inducement makes the following introductory offer:

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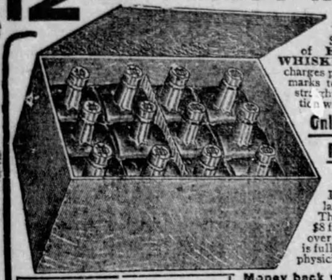

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Only Anti-Trust Distillery Company selling direct to consumer at distillery prices.

BRAVELY TO HER DEATH

Mrs. Farmer, Electrocuted for Brutal Murder, Says Husband Did Not Aid.

Auburn, N. Y., March 29.—Murmuring a prayer for her soul, Mrs. Mary Farmer was quietly led to the electric chair in Auburn prison shortly after 6 o'clock this morning and executed for the murder of Mrs. Sarah Brennan at Brownville last April.

The execution of Mrs. Farmer—the second infliction of the death penalty by electricity on a woman in this state—was effected without sensational incident. Five women, two of whom were prison attendants, were witnesses.

Father Hickey, spiritual adviser of the condemned woman, following the execution, gave out a statement, signed by Mrs. Farmer, in which she declared that her husband, James Farmer, was entirely innocent and knew nothing of the crime until after it had been committed.

Led by Father Hickey, and with Mrs. Dunnigan and Miss Gorman, who have attended her constantly since she was brought to Auburn prison, Mrs. Farmer walked unfalteringly to the death chair, her eyes half closed and clasping a crucifix in her hands. As she was being strapped in the chair, Father Hickey stood at her side and offered prayers for the dying.

Dr. John Gerin, the prison physician, said that the woman was dead after the first shock, but as there was still a tremor of muscular reaction two succeeding contacts were given. State Electrician Davis said that 1,840 volts and 7½ amperes was the strength of the current that passed through the woman's body.

None except those having individual invitations were admitted to the execution. The three women witnesses were Dr. H. M. Westfall, of Moravia, N. Y.; Miss Agnes Baird, of Troy, N. Y., and Miss Margaret T. Byrne, of Auburn. Miss Baird and Miss Byrne are nurses.

FORTUNE KILLS HOBO

"Millionaire Tramp" Dies in the West.

Colorado Springs, March 29.—Sudden wealth and dissipation that followed the acquisition of riches caused the death of H. P. Craig, known as the "millionaire tramp," whose body is now at the morgue awaiting the arrival of his sister, a prominent woman of Detroit. Craig's death came as the climax to a night of revelry.

For years Craig has been a hobo, making his winter headquarters here and tramping the country in summer.

The recent death of his mother brought him a fortune of which he received $5,000 in cash two weeks ago. He invested a portion of it in a cheap lodging house, which he called the "Tramp's Retreat." He let out beds for 15 cents a night and surrounded himself with knights of the road who had been his pals for years.

The crowd indulged in nightly orgies and recently were waited upon by lackeys in evening dress, while the tramps called to their lunch with cut glass and floral decorations. An orchestra furnished music, and it was the gala occasion in the lives of all present.

The night Craig became ill and called for a glass of beer. His craving for drink resulted in his finally being taken to the hospital hopelessly ill, and he passed away after going into convulsions.

G. A. CONVERSE DEAD

Directed Assembling of the Globe-Circling Fleet.

Washington, March 30.—Rear Admiral George A. Converse died at his home here last night of uraemic poisoning.

Although placed on the retired list several years ago, he was in active service at the time of his death, being president of the board of construction of the navy.

It was under him, as chief of the bureau of navigation, that the battleship fleet of sixteen vessels which recently circled the globe, was assembled.

CASTRO HOPPING MAD

Agent of the Steamship Line Tells Him He Can't Be a Passenger to Venezuela.

Bordeaux, March 26.—"If I am a criminal, why haven't my accusers the courage to allow me to return to Venezuela and defnd myself?" exclaimed Cipriano Castro this morning when an agent of the French Steamship company officially informed him that he must leave the steamer Guadeloupe, on which he sails today, before the steamer reaches Venezuela.

The former Venezuelan president was furious at the action taken by the steamship company. He entered an automobile and was driven to the offices of the company, where he indulged in a tirade against Juan Vicente Gomez, president of the republic.

"All I want is the right to a fair trial," he declared. "I am prepared to accept the result. The refusal of Gomez to permit me to enter Venezuela is overwhelming proof that they have no case against me, but realize that if I set foot on Venezuelan soil their game is up."

Castro's protestations were all in vain, however, and he had to accept tickets to Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, only. His words leave no doubt of his intention to try to organize a revolution to overthrow his enemies and reestablish himself at Caracas.

After Castro returned to his hotel from the steamship office he had a long conference with a Mr. Roy, the agent of a Paris company engaged in the manufacture of arms. It is believed that the matter of a shipment of arms was discussed.

As the party was leaving for Pauillac, where they will go on board the Guadeloupe, Carmelo Castro, the former president's brother, said the "president" was awaiting important telegrams which might affect his plans.

Senor Castro posed for his photograph at the railroad station. He was dressed in a check suit and a high silk hat. At the solicitation of the photographers he took off the high hat and put on the famous gold-embroidered skull cap, and he smiled cynically as the pictures were taken.

PLAN A BAHCELOR TAX

English Authorities Would Quiet Suffragettes.

London, March 29.—In imposing a tax on bachelors the example set by the Bulgarian sobranje may possibly be followed by the chancellor of the exchequer in this country, not only as a means of additional revenue, but also with a view to conciliating the suffragettes.

Such a tax existed in England from May 1, 1695, to August 1, 1706, during which period every unmarried man had to pay an impost graduated according to his station in life. This ranged from $63 in the case of dukes and archbishops down to 25 cents in the case of those scheduled as "other persons." "Gentlemen" had to pay $1.50, esquires and doctors of divinity, law and physic, $6.50, and sergeants at law $19.

Benedicts were penalized, too, as well as bachelors. A duke or an archbishop was ordained to pay $250 when he married, $150 when his eldest son was born, $125 when every younger son was born, $150 when the eldest son was married, $250 when his wife was buried and $150 when his eldest son was buried. From these penalties there were gradually decreasing imposts down to the rank of a "gentleman," who had to pay $55.50 when he married, the same amount when any son was born, and $6 if he had the misfortune to bury either his wife or his son.

Doctors of divinity and physic were not encouraged to marry, as the marriage tax in their case was $25.50, but, having married, they were let off as cheaply as "gentlemen," except as regards burials, when they had to pay $20.

WILL FACE ACCUSERS

Horton Charged With Embezzling $75,000.

Kansas City, Mo., March 30.—Leroy Horton, under arrest here on a charge of embezzlement of more than $75,000 from the National Live Stock bank of East St. Louis, probably will be taken to Illinois tonight. Horton has waived extradition and announced his willingness to face the indictments against him. He declares most of the charges are outlawed.

Free Receipt For Weak Men

Send Name and Address Today—You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere, who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, I believe, is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and, so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 2938 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, free of charge.

PRESS HARD ON INDIANS

Troops Close on Heels of Crazy Snake and His Band—Retreat to Hills.

Oklahoma, March 29.—In a desperate effort to reach the Tiger mountains and make a last stand, the Creek Indians, under Chief Crazy Snake, are slowly retreating before the advance of militiamen, cowboys and settlers.

Up to noon there had been no encounter, and the troops are still pursuing the redskins. It is reported that Crazy Snake, fearing arrest, has made his escape, deserting his followers, and is now on his way to Washington to intercede with the Great Father.

The five companies of militia ordered out yesterday by Governor Haskell as a result of the uprising that came after a clash at the home of Crazy Snake, in which Marshal Baum and Deputy Sheriff Odom were killed, encamped for the night at Hickory Hills, the camp which had been hastily evaculated by Crazy Snake at their approach.

Push Forward Fast.

At break of day the soldiers moved forward to give battle to the redskins but the chief, through the agency of his sleepless scouts, had been watching every move and he led his forces away, apparently not daring, or, at least, not caring, to fight his white foes in the open.

The militiamen, at this juncture, pushed forward at double quick. The Indians were about ten miles away from them, but the troops were determined the redskins should not be allowed to choose the battleground and thus gain enormous advantage. The troops outnumbered the Indians three to one, but should the latter gain the shelter of the hills the outcome might be doubtful. At the rate of progress they were making the troops were in a fair way to overhaul the Indians shortly after noon and force them into a fight in the open.

Night Passes Quietly.

The night passed without any alarms after the soldiers had bivouacked. Firing was heard here and there, but this was due to the restlessness of roving bands of negroes and halfbreeds. The Indians themselves kept closely within their camp, between the north Canadian river and Deep Fork creek, about seventeen miles from Henryetta. They had hurried through the ten miles between this and their deserted comp, and in obedience to the chief commands rested in preparation for the events of the day.

Indications were at this time that Crazy Snakes' negroes were giving him much trouble. They came from the turbulent never-to-do-well class of the south. Many of them fled to Oklahoma to escape the consequences of crimes. Never amenable to authority they were reluctant to obey the chief's commands, although they gladly enrolled in the old chieftain's wild campaign against the white father. This element of weakness, militia officers said, might cause the Indians to yield without a fight, so uncertain would the negroes be in times of need.

War Dance Is Held.

Frontiersmen acting as scouts for the state troops who passed most of the night near the Indians' camp, returned shortly after daybreak with news that the old chieftain's forces showing signs of disintegration. The half-breeds and negroes, overawed at the unusually active measures of the whites, were counseling either abject flight or complete surrender, these scouts asserted. To these propositions Crazy Snake made a contemptuous refusal. He said that all those who feared might go at once, but that all who had real red hearts would stay by him and help him forcefully to redress the wrongs under which his people writhed.

To a man the Creeks expressed their determination of fighting the state's soldiers to the death. So enthusiastic did they become after Crazy Snake's appeal that a war dance was started, nd the camp was in an uproar. Crazy Snake, arrayed himself in savage toggery, which hitherto had been kept hidden, and appeared in all his glory. The yells which greeted this spectacle made a great din. The scouts then hastily went back to their camp at Hickory Hills, and reported that the Indians really meant to fight.

Chief's Son Is Tortured.

Crazy Snake's men number about 200, all armed with modern rifles and plentifully supplied with ammunition. They have prepared for two months for this, their final stand against lawful authority. They defiantly sent out word today that they would fight to the death. The militiamen's officers declared that they would shoot to kill from the first.

Crazy Snake's band strongly entrenched itself early in the day and was re-enforced from time to time by roving companies which were scared away from Henryetta by the approach of the troops. Crazy Snake is in personal command. This was established by the testimony choked out of his college bred son by means of a nice new inch rope. Young Harjo was strung up by the determined deputies until nearly dead. Then he gasped out that his father was in command; named the Indian who had killed the deputies, told the officers how to trail the band and did everything which a stoical red man is supposed not to do when in the hands of his enemies.

Was Carefully Planned.

This first real Indian uprising of years has held this region on edge for three days. It has been plotted and prepared for two months. It broke out remembering remembering remembering sheriffs went to Henryetta to arrest negro cattle thieves. They were fired on by negro and halfbreed friends of the criminals and forced to retreat. A few hour slater they returned with additional forces and were fired on by the band, then augmented by a number of Crazy Snake's Indians. In this fight three negroes were killed and five wounded, according to the official reports, although it is thought many more Indians were wounded, as scores of shots were fired at close quarters. This clash resulted in forty-one arrests.

Last night part of Crazy Snakes' band was run to cover by deputies in search for leaders of Thursday's fight. Marshal Baum, of Checotah, and Deputy Odom, of Eufaula, paid their lives as a price. They were shot down, according to Crazy Snake's son, by Charles Coker, a Seminole Indian. This event aroused the state authorities. Governor Haskell ordered out the militia and the word was passed out that the band must be captured or killed.

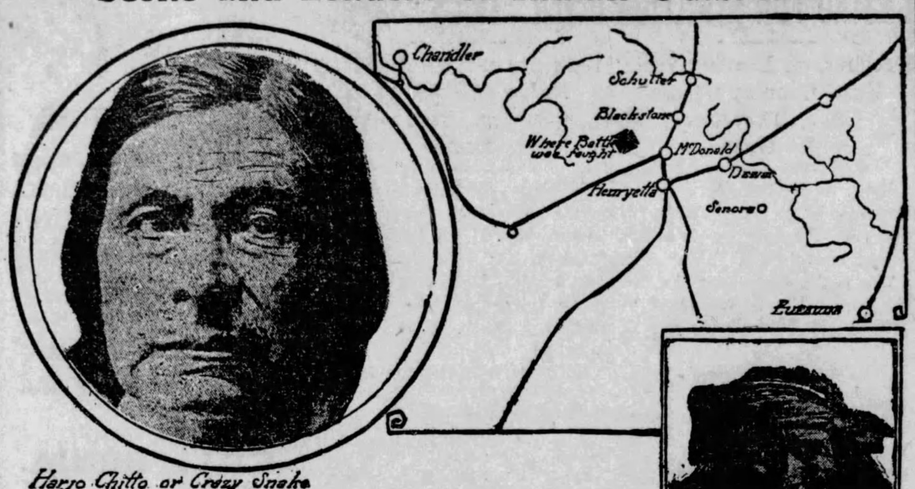
10 KILLED IN BATTLE

Prietas, State of Sonora, Mexico, March 30.—Rurales and ranchmen pursuing a band of renegade Mexicans and Indians encountered them in the hills northeast of Pasqueria, on the Chihuahua Sonora boundary line, and a pitched battle ensued.

According to reports, Jose Vasquez, leader of the outlaws, was mortally wounded and five of his followers killed. Three of the attacking ranchers and one rurale also met death.

The gang had been robbing lone travellers and many ranchmen, and miners had been made victims.

Scene and Leaders of Indian Outbreak



Harjo Chitto or Crazy Snake

Crazy Snake's Son

WEEK IN CONGRESS

Tuesday, March 23.—House.—Occupying the entire session of the House today, Mr. Payne, of New York, chairman of the committee on ways and means, concluded his speech in explanation of the tariff bill. He was on his feet almost all of the five hours and ten minutes that he had the floor. His arguments today covered a wide field. He took the position that the bill would not injure the tin plate or steel ile industries of the United States and that free hides would not be a menace to the farmers. He discussed the inheritance tax at great length, and said it was preferable to an income tax, because it would not give rise to perjury or fraud. He held to the view also that an income tax was wholly unconstitutional. The minority leader, Mr. Clark, of Missouri, followed, and had proceeded but a minute or two when, at the suggestion of Mr. Payne, he suspended and the House adjourned.

The Senate was not in session today.

Wednesday, March 24.—House.—Declaring among other things that a mistake was made in the Payne tariff bill in not arranging the revision on the basis of raising revenue only on every item Mr. Clark, of Missouri, minority leader, today held the attention of the House for more than five hours in discussing the measure. Incidentally, he pointed out that much time would have been saved in the consideration of the bill had the Democratic members of the committee been consulted about the various provisions of the proposed law. Mr. Clark spoke in characteristic style and frequently moved the House to applause and laughter. He was followed by Messrs. Washburn, of Massachusetts, and Adamson, of Georgia, the former attacking the inheritance tax provisions of the bill, while Mr. Adamson opposed the erection of a tariff wall so high as to prevent the people of the United States buying in all the markets of the world as well as disposing of their surplus products.

The Senate was not in session today.

Thursday, March 25.—Senate.—The senate was in session only an hour and fifteen minutes today and adjourned until next Monday. Practically all the time, except fifteen minutes spent in executive session, was devoted to the introduction of bills, resolutions and memorials. The only action taken was the passage of a resolution allowing the grounds of the capitol to be used for the ceremonies connected with the transfer of the remains of Major l'Enfant from a farm in Maryland to the Arlington National cemetery.

House.—A voluntary admission by Mr. Vreeland, of New York, that he was to some extent responsible for the retention in the Payne tariff bill of the countervailing duty on oil was the climax of the day's discussion of the tariff today. Mr. Vreeland had sat for some time and heard various insinuations that that duty, which some have characterized as a "joker," was to be levied solely in the interest of the Standard Oil company. This he denied, and explained that his action was in response to requests from thousands of his oil-producing constituents and in behalf of 500,000 others engaged in the same business. The debate on the oil schedule called forth some bitter criticism of the Standard Oil company by Mr. Kusterman, of Wisconsin, and others. Numerous speeches were made touching the tariff question generally. The arguments from the Democratic standpoint were for a tariff for revenue only, while Republicans attacked such schedules as those on wool, wood pulp and print paper and crude petroleum.

Friday, March 26.—House.—The monotony of the tariff debate in the house was relieved for a time today by a clash between Messrs. Fordney, of Michigan, and Byrd, of Mississippi, which came near ending in blows. Mr. Fordney had been making an exhaustive discussion of the lumber schedule, when he was interrupted by the Mississippian, who insisted that the lumber manufacturers, of which Mr. Fordney was one, were a trust. Mr. Fordney peremptorily denied the statement and said that Mr. Byrd "didn't know a d——n thing about it." The Mississippi member made a move toward Mr. Fordney and was in the act of removing his coat when some of his Democratic colleagues took hold of him. Later it developed that the incident grew out of a misunderstanding and both men made mutual explanations and apologies. Mr. Fordney made a notable speech on the subject of lumber and pleaded for better protection on that product in the rough. Diametrically opposed to him was Mr. Howland, of Ohio, who wanted the product placed on the free list. Others who spoke were Messrs. Pou, of North Carolina, and Macon, of Arkansas, both of whom arraigned the Payne bill for not accomplishing what it was claimed it would do, while Mr. Humphrey, of Washington, pleaded for a tariff on shingles and lumber sufficiently high to enable the lumber and shingle manufacturers of his state to compete with those of British Columbia, employing cheap oriental labor.

Saturday, March 27.—House—Debate on the tariff bill in the house today was largely devoted to an academic discussion of the issue and the political questions involved, although Mr. Gardner (Mass.) thoroughly reviewed the question of free hides and a tariff on leather goods. Mr. Longword (Ohio) and Mr. Harrison (New York) the new Democratic member of the ways and means committee, were the only representatives of the tariff-framing committee who made speeches. Representative Ansberry (Ohio) advocated free lumber and Mr. Keifer (Ohio) and Mr. Sleman (Va.) concluded the speechmaking for the day, the house adjourning at 6:16 p. m., to meet again at 10 o'clock Monday. This was in accordance with the motion of Mr. Payne (N. Y.) that until the conclusion of general debate on the tariff bill the house meet for ten and one-half hours each day. The hours agreed upon are from 10 o'clock in the morning to 6 at night, when a recess of two hours is to be taken, the house to continue in session from 7 to 10:30 at night. There have been nearly 100 requests for time under general debate made up to the present.

The senate was not in session today.

Monday, March 29.—Senate—Senator Hale, chairman of the Republican caucus, introduced a resolution today to confine the business of the extra session to the consideration of the tariff bill and the bill providing for the thirteenth census, but he afterward amended it so as to permit the introduction of bills and the transaction of executive business. Contrary to expectation the resolution aroused a spirited discussion, but the debate dealt with other subjects than the limitation of business. Apparently there was no objection to such a limitation, but the measure went over until Thursday. Senator Elkins of West Virginia took occasion to criticise the distribution of the Republican membership of the finance committee, declaring that while New England has three members on the committee the South has been entirely denied representation. His tone was very similar to that of Senator Scott, his colleague, who also criticised this distribution in the Republican senatorial caucus last Monday. At 2:05 p. m. the senate adjourned until Thursday.

House—The tariff question was again discussed in the House today in a ten-and-half-hour session. Not one of the many speakers favored the Payne bill in its entirety, while the Democrats found much in it to criticise and condemn. The maximum and minimum features of the proposed measure were especially obnoxious to them, while Republicans urged higher duties on lumber, iron, pottery and zinc ore, as well as a duty on coal. Mr. Moon (Tenn.) scathingly denounced those of his Democratic colleagues who accepted the caucus resolution, disciplining the twenty-three Democrats who supported the Fitzgerald amendment to the rules. Those who spoke on the tariff were Messrs. James of Kentucky, Cushman of Washington, Kenney of Ohio, Gillette of Massachusetts, Deikema of Michigan and Hull of Tennessee.

HOW OIL KING STARTED

John D. Rockefeller Tells How He Made His First Million Dollars.

New York, March 29.—John D. Rockefeller has told for the first time how he made a clear $100,000,000 after he found himself by accident and uninformed, launched in the iron ore trade. Mr. Rockefeller's plain narrative, as it appears in the new number of the World's Work, describes the huge transaction. He writes:

Going into the iron ore fields was one of those experiences in which one finds oneself rather against the will, for it was not a deliberate plan of mine to extend my cares and responsibilities. My connection with iron ore came about through some unfortunate investments in the northwest country. These interests had included a good many different industries, mines, steel mills, paper mills, a rail factory, railroads, timber fields, smelting properties and other investments, about which I have now forgotten. I was a minority stockholder in all these enterprises and had no part in their management. Not all of them were profitable.

Most of these properties I had not even seen, having relied upon the investigation of others respecting their work; indeed, it has never been my custom to rely alone upon my own knowledge of the value of such plants. I have found other people who knew much better than I how to investigate such enterprises.

Even at this time I had been planning to relieve myself of business cares and the panic which caused me to postpone taking the long holiday to which I had been looking forward. I was fortunate in making the acquaintance of Mr. Frederick Gates, who was then engaged in some work in connection with the American Baptist Education society, which required him to travel extensively over the country, north, south, east and west.

Called on Gates.

It occurred to me that Mr. Gates, who had a great store of common sense, though no especial technical knowledge about factories and mills, might aid me in securing some first-hand information as to how these concerns were actually prospering. Once, as he was then going south, I suggested that he look over an iron mill in which I had some interest which happened to be on his route.

His report was a model of what such a report should be. It stated the facts, and in this case they were almost all unfavorable. A little later he happened to be going west, and I gave him the name and address of a property in that region in which I held a minority interest.

I felt quite sure that this particular property was doing well, and it was somewhat of a shock to me to learn through his clear and definite account that it was only a question of time before this enterprise, too, which had been represented as rolling in money, would get into trouble if things kept on as they were going.

I then arranged with Mr. Gates to accept a position whereby he could help me unravel these tangled affairs and become, like myself, a man of business, but it was agreed between us that he should not abandon his larger and more important plans for working out some philanthropic aspirations that he had.

Receiverships Costly.

It has been our policy never to allow a company in which we had an interest to be thrown into the bankruptcy court if we could prevent it, for receiverships are very costly in many ways and often involve heavy sacrifices of genuine values.

Our plan has been to stay with the institution, nurse it, lend it money when necessary, improve facilities, cheapen production and avail ourselves of the opportunities which time and patience are likely to bring to make it self-sustaining and successful. So we went carefully through the affairs of these crippled enterprises in the hard times of 1893, carrying many of them for years after, sometimes buying the interests of others and sometimes selling our own interest, but all, or nearly all, escaped the expenses and humiliation of bankruptcy, receivership and foreclosure.

Among these investments were some shares in a number of ore mines and an interest in the stocks and bonks of a railroad being built to carry the ore from the mines to lake ports. We had great faith in these mines, but to work them the railroad was necessary. It had been begun, but in the panic of 1893 it and all other developments were nearly ruined. Although we were minority holders of the stock, it seemed best for us to keep the enterprise alive throughout the harrowing panic days.

Loaned Own Holdings.

I had to loan my personal securities to raise money, and finally we were compelled to supply a great deal of actual cash, and to get it we were obliged to go into the then greatly upset money market and buy currency at a high premium to ship west by express to pay the laborers on the railroad and to keep them alive.

When the fright of the panic period subsided we began to realize our situation. We had invested many millions, and no one wanted to go in with us to buy stock. Stock was offered to us in alarming quantities, substantially all of the capital stock of the companies came without any solicitation on our part—quite the contrary—and we paid cash for it.

We now found ourselves in control of a great amount of ore lands, but we still faced a most imperfect and inadequate method of transporting the ore to market. We decided to supply ore to every one who needed it, by mining and transporting with the newest and most effective facilities, and our profits we invested in more ore lands.

Mr. Gates became the president of the various companies and proved to be an apt scholar. It was apparent that we needed our own ships to transport the ore down the lakes, so, following out our custom, we went to the man who, in our judgment, had the widest knowledge of the subject. We closed an agreement, the details of which were worked out afterward to our mutual satisfaction.

A Cleveland Man.

This gentleman was Samuel Mather, of Cleveland. He spent only a few minutes in the house, during which time we gave him an order for about $3,000,000 worth of ships, and this was the only time I saw him. But Mr. Mather is a man of high business honor; we trusted him implicitly, although he was a competitor, and never had occasion to regret it.

Two years later the United States Steel Corporation bought our mines and fleet of lake steamers for about $100,000,000.

CRAZY SNAKE CORNERED

Guthrie, Okla., March 30.—Crazy Snake, or Chitto Harjo, the chief of the Creek Indians, offered today to surrender. The proffer of the wily old chief, who has been sought by five companies of state militia since Sunday, was made to officers of the militia this morning. He sent word that he desired to come in but feared surrendering to the local authorities.

The chief states that he never desired a fight. Adjutant General Canton, to whom the news of Crazy Snake's wish to lay down his arms was brought shortly before noon today, expressed the belief that the report was reliable. Such action, he said, was just what he expected from the old Indian, whom he knows well, and whom he does not think dangerous.

Shortly after receiving the news, General Canton said: "The militia will be kept on the ground for the protection of Indians who will be brought in. The rifles are surely able to meet any emergency. Because of the excitement there is a possibility that there might be rioting when the Indians are brought in."

FEARS WORLD MARKET

Washington, March 30.—The lagging interest in the tariff discussnon was made manifest today when it was observed that but a dozen members were in their seats upon the convening of the house and that for the most part these were the ones scheduled to speak.

Today's debate was opened by Mr. Cox, of Ohio, who pleaded for a reduction in the duties on sewing machines, bicycles and computing scales. He argued that by reason of the favored nation clause Germany was enabled to manufacture and ship sewing machines and bicycles into Russia, France and other continental countries at about half the tariff imposed on the same articles of American manufacture. Because of this fact the American manufacturer was handicapped in extending his foreign trade.

Unless the tariff was reduced, he said, the manufacturers of the products mentioned would be forced to build factories abroad, which would result in throwing out of employment in this country many skilled workmen. The maximum and minimum feature of the bill, he declared to be not worth the paper it was written on and in consequence would not relieve the situation.

Referring to various witnesses before the ways and means committee, Mr. Cox said: "A tariff proposition inspires such a lust for gain and gold that these men come here and swear their souls down to the gates of hell in order to get a government license to rob the people."

WOMEN ARE BEATEN

Police Drive Back Attack of Suffragettes.

London, March 30.—The militant suffragists made another attempt to raid the house of commons in a search for Premier Asquith this afternoon, but were quickly scattered by a detachment of mounted policemen.

Upon arriving at the square the deputation found all the entrances to parliament barred, and in spite of the courage they displayed in risking being trampled under the feet of the policemen's horses, their combined rushes to reach an entrance were abortive.

THE MARKETS.

Weekly Trade Report.

New York, March 27.—Bradstreet's says: Weather, crop and industrial reports are still irregular, with more than ordinary quiet noted in most lines. Wholesale trade feels the effect of tariff discussion and uncertainties, and while a fair business is doing (in excess of last year in nearly all lines), disappointment is expressed at the total volume of trade in the first quarter.

In industrial lines generally operations are quiet to dull, with the iron and steel trade, where prices are weaker, one of the apparently least favorably situated lines. Wage reductions are becoming more numerous, especially in the iron and allied trades. The coal trade is quiet east and west.

Business Failures.

Business failures in the United States for the week ending with March 25 were 226 against 224 last week, 286 in the like week of 1908, 166 in 1907, 169 in 1906, and 227 in 1905. Canadian failures for the week number 35, which compares with 32 last week and 41 last year.

Wheat, including flour, exports from the United States and Canada for the week ending March 25, aggregate 2,035,715 bushels, against 1,864,013 last week and 2,293,364 this week last year. For the thirty-nine weeks ending March 25, this year, the exports are 146,109,227 bushels, against 166,547,052 in the corresponding period last year. Corn exports for the week are 1,153,000 bushels, against 803,282 last week and 845,123 in 1908. For the 39 weeks ending March 25 corn exports are 23,740,366 bushels, against 41,808,677 last year.

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., March 30.—Evidence of strength in cash wheat developed today in the steady position of the option in the face of an easier feeling in the other months. Cash opened at $1.29 and remained at this price during the greater part of the morning. May started ¼c lower at $1.25, July ¼c down at $1.08¾ and September ¼c off at $1.02½. Up till the middle of the forenoon there were no further changes. Scattered selling at Chicago caused a soft tone on the call, but later the market responded to support of long interests. The general feeling of the trade and damage reports, particularly from Nebraska, induced a firm undertone to the market. Liverpool opened ⅝d higher, losing most of the gain early in the day on realizing sales.

Although realizing sales late in the day caused a reaction, the underlying conditions were practically unchanged. Snow's report indicated a winter wheat crop of 400,000,000 bushels, against 75,000,000 last year. Northwest cars were 222 against 225 a week ago, and 210 a year ago. Cash closed unchanged at $1.29, May ¼c off at $1.25, July ⅝c lower at $1.07¾, and September ½c off at $1.02¼.

Weaker at the outset, corn regained practically all the losses, and before the end of the first hour prices were the same as yesterday's close. Liverpool showed no change up till 1:30 p. m. Receipts at Chicago were only 194 cars against 520 a year ago. Toledo May opened ¼c down at 67½c, July ⅛c lower at 67⅞c, and September ⅛c off at 67¼c.

Closing corn prices: Cash 68c, May 67¾c, July 67½c, September 67½c.

A slightly easier feeling developed in oats. May opened ¼c lower at 55¼c, July ⅛c down at 48¼c, and September ⅛c off at 40⅛c. The only change was a gain of ⅛c in the near month, shortly after the opening.

Oats finished as follows: Cash 55c, May 55¼c, July 48¼c, September 40⅛c.

While seed was weaker, prices were about steady. Receipts and shipments were almost equal, the number being 525 and the latter 545 bags. A year ago receipts were 75 and shipments 404. March opened unchanged at $5.48, April 2½c lower at $5.40, October 2½ lower at $6.00, and December unchanged at $6.00.

Cash and March closed unchanged at $5.45, April 2½c off at $5.40, and October 2½c up at $6.05.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Mar 30.	Close Mar 29
Wheat—					
Cash	1.29	....	....	1.29	1.29
May	1.25	1.25½	....	1.25	1.25¼
July	1.08¼	1.08¾	....	1.07⅞	1.08¾
Sept.	1.02½	1.02¾	....	1.02¾	1.02¾
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	68	68
May	67½	67⅝	....	67¾	67¾
July	67¾	67⅝	....	67½	67½
Sept.	67¼	....	....	67½	67⅝
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	55	55
May	55¼	55⅝	....	55¼	55½
July	48¼	48⅝	48	48¼	48⅝
Sept.	40	40¼	....	40¼	40½
Clover Seed—					
Cash	....	....	....	5.45	5.45
March	5.45	....	....	5.45	5.45
April	5.40	5.42½	....	5.40	5.42½
Oct	6.00	....	....	6.05	6.02½
Dec	6.00	....	....	6.02½	6.00
No. 2	....	....	....	5.32½	5.30
No. 3	....	....	....	5.22½	5.20
Rejected	....	....	....	5.07½	5.01½
Seg.	....	....	....	4.80	4.80
Rye—					
No. 1	....	....	....	85	....
No. 2	....	....	....	85½	....
No. 3	....	....	....	82	....
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	1.80	1.80
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	8.40	8.40

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
May	1.19¾	....	1.18	1.18¾	1.19¼
July	1.06¼	1.06¾	1.05¾	1.06¼	1.06¾
Sept.	1.00	1.00½	99¾	99¾	1.00¾
Dec.	1.00⅝	....	....	99⅞	1.00¾
Corn—					
May	66¾	67¼	66¼	66¾	66¾
July	....	....	65	65¾	66
Sept.	65¾	66	65¾	65¾	65¾
Dec.	....	....	....	67¾	....
Oats—					
May	54¼	54¼	54	54¼	54¾
July	47¼	47¾	47¼	47¼	47¾
Sept.	39¾	39¾	....	39½	39¾

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
May	1.14⅝	1.14⅝	1.14	1.13⅝	1.14⅝
Corn—					
May	73¾	73¾	....	73¼	73¾

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
May	1.15⅝	1.15⅝	....	1.15¼	1.15⅝
July	1.03⅝	1.03¾	....	1.02⅝	1.03¼

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	....	1.15⅝
July	....	....	....	....	1.16½

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	....	1.15⅝
July	....	....	....	....	1.16½

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
May	17.77	17.80	....	17.72	17.92
July	17.85	....	....	17.72	17.92
Lard—					
May	10.07	10.10	....	10.07	10.20
July	10.25	....	10.17	10.17	10.30
Sept	10.35	....	10.32	10.30	10.42
Ribs—					
May	9.37	....	9.27	9.27	9.42
July	9.50	....	9.40	9.42	9.55
Sept	9.62	....	....	9.55	9.70

New York Stocks.

New York, March 30, 1909.

Stocks—	Open.	High.	Low.	2:30pm
Denver & R. G.	46¼	46¼	45¾	46½
D. & R. G. pfd.	87½	87¾	87½	87¾
Am. Cotton Oil	53¾	53⅞	53½	53½
Am. Loco. com.	53⅝	54	53½	54
Am. Sg. Rfg. Co.	131⅝	131⅝	131⅝	131⅝
Atchison	106	106¼	105¾	106
Am. Car & F. Co.	50	50⅞	50	50⅞
Anaconda	45	45¼	44¾	45¼
Amal. Copper	74¼	74¾	73¾	74¾
Am. Smelters	88¾	88¾	87⅞	87⅝
Am. Woolen Co.	32¾	33	32¾	32½
Alton com.	68⅝	68⅝	68¼	68½
Allis-Chal. pfd.	46	47½	46	47½
Am. Tobacco pfd.	95½	95½	95½	96
Am. Ice Sec.	32¾	32¾	32¾	32¾
Balt. & Ohio	112¾	112¾	111⅞	112
Brooklyn R. T.	74⅝	76